Back to Me

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Back to Me

by orphan_account

Summary

Will has been missing for nine months. One night, he shows up on Hannibal's doorstep. Hannibal and his friends are relived that he is back. He, however is not the same.

Notes

Honestly, this might be the nicest that I ever made Jack.

Chapter 1

Will had been missing for nine months. Nine long months. He was taken late at night by multiple people. There was evidence that up to four people were in Will's house that night. The next day, Hannibal received a frantic call from Alana. At first, they thought that the Chesapeake Ripper had taken him. Hannibal knew that he did not do anything to Will. He did not say that, of course, but he did go to Will's house. As he was helping with the case and was Will's therapist, they invited him to the crime scene. The crime scene that was Will's house.

Hannibal felt rage in his bones. How dare anybody touch what is his. Nobody touched what was his. Not anymore. The last time he felt anything akin to this anger was when his sister was murdered.

Will's ordinarily clean and organized home was a mess. Books, fishing lures, and even his bedding torn and ripped to shreds. The shreds were scattered around the large main room. Not to mention the blood. There were drops of blood everywhere and a large pool of blood near the front door. Unfortunately, the dogs had spread the blood around. Large and small bloody paw prints on the floor, the dog beds, and Will's bed. Winston even had blood on his muzzle and in his teeth. Like he bit someone. Hannibal felt a jolt of pride for the golden mutt. Turned out that Winston bit someone who was not in any databases. The blood on Winston's muzzle and the pool of blood near the door was the same.

From what they could tell, Will was tinkering with a boat motor by the dog's side of the room (the only side of the room that was not trashed). There was a blanket neatly laid on the floor with the motor and tools placed around the blanket. Then, there was a knock at the door. Hannibal could practically hear Will cursing under his breath and see him sluggishly make his way to the door. Whatever he saw made him open the door. Whether it was someone he knew or something else they did not know. All they knew was that there was no forced entry. So, he opened the door of his own free will. He was then pushed back into his house. They beat him. With it being a four on one fight, Will lost. Hannibal was sure that Will would have come out the other end superior if it was a fair fight. These people who stole Will were cowards. Some of the mess could be explained by Will fighting back, but it was obvious that someone came back in and destroyed the house. Somewhere in the struggle, Winston bit one of them. Someone else must have kicked Winston as he was limping when they arrived. Alana took him to the vet. He was fine other than a bruised leg.

These people completely disrespected his house.

Hannibal sighed, pinching his nose. He was supposed to read before bed. Much like was typical these past few months, his thoughts trailed to Will. It did not matter who he threatened or even killed, he was no closer to finding out where Will was. Once they thought they were close, they were forced back to step one. Even with Hannibal's less than legal ways.

Hannibal was drawn out of his mind by a knock at the door. It was a light, almost hesitant knock. Hannibal looked at the clock. Nearly midnight. Who was at his door now. With a

knife in one hand and his phone in the other, Hannibal slowly walked to his door. There came a second series of knocks. Almost taps. Perhaps whoever was on the other side of his door was not a threat like previously thought. He, however, could not let his guard down so easily. He squeezed the handle of the knife before his opened his door.

The first thing that registered in his mind was the cooper smell of blood that hit his nose. The second thing was that the person at his door was none other than Will. An emaciated and injured Will, but Will nonetheless.

When he realized that it was Will, Hannibal dropped the knife and grabbed Will's shoulders without thinking. Will flinched and whimpered at the contact. "Will, you're going to be okay now. You're safe." I'm here.

Will finally looked up and Hannibal could see an open wound on his hairline and several scars on his face.

"Hann'bal," Will muttered before falling forward into Hannibal's arms.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Car ride to the hospital.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the short chapters. Hopefully they get longer as time goes on.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal did not hesitate, scoping Will in his arms and rushing to his car. He received no reaction from Will until he was placed in the passenger's seat. He groaned at the change of position. “Hann’bul?” he slurred, eyes cracking open and meeting Hannibal’s eyes. Pain clouded the normally dull blue eyes, making them look glazed over and bright.

“Right here,” Hannibal assured as he pulled the seatbelt around him and clicked it in. Will pulled on the strap weakly (only able to move it an inch or two) and whimpered in protest. Protest at being held down. The filthy, short sleeve shirt made it easy to see why. Even in the dim light of the car, Hannibal could see the angry red scars around his wrists. Scars left by ropes. Hannibal could not help the sense of pride that flooded through him. Of course, Will would never go down without a fight.

“Sorry, Dear,” Hannibal apologized. Then by way of explanation, said, “we must get you to the hospital.” Hannibal wanted nothing more than to take Will inside his home and care for him himself. Especially since he now knew that Will was conscious and making the effort to talk (no matter how strained or slurred he sounded.) He was more able than any doctor at a hospital to treat and care for Will. Taking him inside, however, would simply arouse too many questions. There were already going to be enough questions. Namely, who took him, how did he escape, where was he being held, and how did he manage to get to Hannibal’s house in the middle of the night with no shoes on.

“No,” Will protested, squirming weakly. He looked at Hannibal with now wide, begging eyes. “No hos’ital.”

Hannibal shook his head. Wil was always argumentative. Trauma did not seem to placate that part of his personality. If anything it seemed to provoke it. He had always hated doctors and hospitals. During one of their conversations Will opened up that he felt as if he was in doctor’s offices and hospitals more than he was at school. When Hannibal inquired as to why, Will said “either trying to figure out what was wrong with me or Mama hit too hard.”

Hannibal understood his reluctance to go to the hospital but that did not make it any less necessary.

“I’m afraid that is non negotiable,” Hannibal said. Will groaned once again, head flopping the other way so he did not have to look at Hannibal. “Apologies.”

“Not sorry,” Will practically whined. It was not an argument, just a simple observation. A correct observation. Hannibal closed the passenger's side door and made his way to the driver’s. He would get nowhere arguing with Will, especially in his state.

Once he was in the car, he looked over at Will. He was asleep. Or he passed out. Either way, he was no longer conscious. The angle of the face gave Hannibal a good look at the wound on his forehead. It appeared that Will had fallen and hit his head. This was quite some time ago as all the blood- that made its way to his neck- had crusted over. Hannibal gave him a once over to see if anywhere other than his head or arms were injured. Jeans covered his legs so Hannibal could not see anything, but nothing covered his feet. His feet were bloody and badly bruised from what he could see. Probably from having walked however long to his house.

Hannibal took a deep breath and put his car in drive. He drove as fast as was safe to the nearest hospital. He called to let them know they were coming. A trauma patient who was currently in and out of consciousness and needed immediate treatment.

Ten minutes into their thirty minute drive, Will stirred and whimpered due to a pothole.

“Hann’bu,” Will muttered.

Hannibal took a moment to look at Will. His eyes were once again open in slits, shifting around as if to figure out where they were going. What was worrying to Hannibal was that Will’s pronunciation of his name seemed to get worse every time he said it. Perhaps it was good that he was taking him to the hospital. They could run CT and MRI scans. Something Hannibal simply did not have the resources to do.

“Yes, Dear Will.”

“Hos’ital?” Will asked. He sounded nervous.

“Soon,” Hannibal answered simply.

Will closed his eyes and muttered something under his breath that Hannibal could not quite catch over the noise of the calming classical music.

“What was that?” Hannibal asked.

Will’s eyes opened and he reached his arm out, and Hannibal did not hesitate in taking WIll’s hand in his own. Will gripped his hand back with surprising strength before repeating. “Stay. Hann’bu stay.”

The whimpering voice of this usually strong man nearly broke Hannibal's icy heart. He knew that he could not promise to stay with Will at all times while he was at the hospital. There were guidelines that needed to be followed. So, Hannibal said, "I promise to stay by your side as long as I am allowed."

Will's eyebrows furrowed. He did not understand Hannibal's words in his fuzzy, pain laden brain. So, he repeated his plea once again. "Hannibal stay."

"Of course, Dear Will, I will stay," Hannibal said, ending with a "promise."

Will allowed the iron grip that he had on Hannibal's hand to ease. He was expecting Hannibal to take his hand back. He was pleasantly surprised when he did not. The warm hand felt amazing in his cold, sore hand. His eyes slipped closed again without his permission. He was going to pass out again. Will had become unnervingly familiar to passing out these last few… however long it had been since he had been taken. Will knew that he was taken. From what he was not sure, but at least now he was going to pass out next to someone he knew he could trust. Hannibal always kept him safe; his mind supplied him. He was doing that now. Even if he was taking him to the stupid hospital.

"T'ank you" was the last thing that Hannibal heard before Will fell asleep once again.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, someone attempts to separate Hannibal and Will. Will does not have the best of reaction.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Hannibal takes Will to the hospital then calls Jack. Jack convinces Hannibal to go home and take care of himself. Will gets extremely upset when he wakes up and sees that Hannibal is not there.

Chapter Notes

Yes, Will is currently regressed. Nobody at the moment knows, however.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal carried Will into the hospital. Will had woken up a couple more times, whimpering in pain and begging for help. “Ow, ow. Help Hann’bu.” Hannibal assured him that he was trying to help him. That’s why he was bringing him to the hospital. He even whispered reassurances to him while he was unconscious.

As soon as he rushed into the hospital, Will was taken away from him. Hannibal wanted nothing more than to hold onto Will tighter. He wanted to keep him. At the moment, however, he could not. He could soon. So soon. With those thoughts going through his head, he loosened his grip on his boy and let the medical staff take him away.

“Dr. Lecter, can you answer some questions?” a quiet voice asked.

Hannibal did not realize that he was standing and staring at the double doors Will was just wheeled into until she spoke. “Of course,” Hannibal nodded, walking up to the front desk, “of course.”

Amanda- according to her nametag- gave him a small, trying to be assuring smile. Hannibal appreciated the effort.

“Do you know the name of the man you brought in?”

“William Graham,” Hannibal said, “G-R-A-H-A-M. He was treated here about a year ago for encephalitis.”

“Great, we should still have his records then,” Amanda said, typing on the computer. “As I’m doing that, do you know what happened to Mr. Graham.”

“I don’t know everything,” Hannibal said. He hated to admit that. He explained everything that he knew to Amanda. Will was kidnapped nine months ago, possibly tortured, and walked barefoot to his house during the freezing night.

By the time he was done explaining, Amanda looked pale and said that the hospital would have to call the cops if Will was a missing person.

“That would not be necessary. I will contact the investigator in charge of the case,” Hannibal said. He did not want any more people than necessary coming to see Will.

Amanda gave him a hesitant look but nodded. “You are his emergency contact,” she changed the subject once he pulled up his file. “Has anything changed to your knowledge? Allergies, major surgeries.”

“No,” Hannibal answered simply.

“Alright, we won’t need an update on his paperwork,” she said, typing a couple more things then turning back to Hannibal. “We will give you an update as soon as possible.”

Hannibal nodded and found a quiet spot in the waiting room to call Jack. Thankfully, that was not a hard thing to do as it was one in the morning.

“Jack Crowford,” the gruff, sleep laden voice of Crowford.

“Will Graham is back,” Hannibal said simply.

“What?” Jack said. Hannibal could hear him shuffle in the background. Possibly turning on a light and sitting up in his bed. Hannibal could practically see Jack rubbing his face.

“Will showed up at my home about an hour ago. He was injured and seemed very malnourished. I’ve taken him to Noble Hills Care Center. The medical staff has started treating him. Unfortunately, that’s all I know.”

“I’ll be there right away,” Jack said. Hannibal heard more shuffling on the other end of the line. He was about to say his goodbye until Jack continued “Will- Will’s going to be fine, right?”

He sounded genuinely concerned. That did not surprise Hannibal. Jack had been beating himself up over this. They assumed that whoever kidnapped him was someone he helped put in jail or someone close. If Jack never forced him into the field, the list would have been significantly shorter.

“I believe he will physically be fine. Emotionally… psychologically only time will tell,” Hannibal answered, rubbing his forehead. He hated not knowing. Especially not knowing about Will. He could assume what they were doing to Will, but he did not truly know. He would not know until he got an update. That could be hours. He could only sit there and wait. Hannibal hated waiting, but he would do it for Will. He would sit for however long it took.

“I will be there right away,” Jack repeated. He then hung up.

Rude.

It took Jack just over two hours to arrive at the hospital. Hannibal had yet to receive an update. He told Jack just that when he asked. Jack looked so angry. Eyes hard and hands clenched in fists. He looked like he wanted to go and demand information about Will, but he froze and then sat in a chair next to Hannibal.

“I have the local PD going to your house,” Jack informed, “they’re going to try to retrace Will’s steps. Hopefully, we can find where Will came from.”

Hannibal nodded, “and therefore the people who did this to him.”

Jack nodded mutely.

They fell into silence neither one feeling like talking. They were both too worried about Will.

It took another thirty minutes for them to receive their update. The doctor came in and approached Hannibal.

“Doctor Lecter,” the man- Dr. Andersen- greeted as he held out his hand. Hannibal took it and shook hands with the man.

“How is dear Will?” Hannibal asked.

The doctor gave them a run down. He said things that Hannibal already knew. He was malnourished and extremely dehydrated. This was currently being tested through IV fluids and they would try soft foods once he woke up. He had a head injury which they performed a CT and MRI scans. There was no sign of a traumatic brain injury. Hannibal sighed in relief. His right ankle was also shattered.

"I don't know how he was able to walk on it," Dr. Anderson said.

"Will had a history of dissociating," Hannibal explained.

"It's amazing what the brain can do when it's trying to protect the body," Dr. Anderson said before continuing on with the update.

The ankle would require surgery. They did not want to do it now as it was not an emergency and he did not know if his body could handle surgery at the moment. They would try in a day or so. Currently the ankle was in a splint to keep it immobilized.

There was evidence of sexual assault. Both Jack and Hannibal had the same reaction. They both closed their eyes as anger flooded through them. Jack's was a righteous anger as he promised himself that he would bring the people who hurt Will to justice. Hannibal's was a deep, burning hatred. He promised himself and Will that he would kill the monsters that dared to hurt his Will.

"Right now he is asleep," the doctor told them. "We gave him a mild sedative because he was waking up and struggling against us, and we needed him calm for the scans. He should not wake up for a few hours but I can allow you to wait with him."

"That would be greatly appreciated, Doctor," Jack said, standing with Hannibal to follow the doctor to Will's private room.

"He looks so young," Jack said as soon as his eyes landed on Will. Hannibal agreed. Will always looked young when he was sleeping. Without a beard and a clean face, he looked even younger. Not to mention he looked so pale and thin and fragile. Incredibly young.

Hannibal took the chair closest to Will as he said "he always does while he is sleeping."

Jack sat as well. They fell into another silence. Nearly ten minutes later Jack said, “maybe you should go home and change.”

Hannibal protested. He did not want to leave Will’s side. He promised that he would not, and he was a man of his word.

“Hannibal, listen. You of all people should know you need to take care of yourself before you can help Will. You should go home, take a shower.” here Jack pointed at Hannibal’s shoulder. He did not realize before that it was bloody. “Maybe get some food and rest.”

Hannibal wanted to continue to argue. This, unfortunately, was a rare situation where Jack was right.

“I suppose you are correct,” Hannibal said, standing to leave. He looked at Will one more time. “I will be back before Will wakes up.”

Jack watched as Hannibal left the room. As soon as the door closed, Jack pulled out his phone and called Alana.

“Dr. Bloom, I need you at Noble Hills Care Center right away. It’s Will.

…

The first thing that Will became aware of was the fact that he was no longer in pain. It was surprising. Not even his head or feet hurt. It was nice.

He tried to open his eyes, but it was so hard. So, so hard. Like an invisible hand was keeping them closed. Will groaned and whimpered. That wasn’t fair. He wanted to open his eyes. Hannibal was there. He wanted to see Hannibal.

“Is he waking up?” Will heard a male voice. It was not Hannibal’s voice. Will froze. Where was Hannibal?

“I think so,” a female voice said. Definitely not Hannibal. “That’s it, Will. open your eyes.”

Will was finally able to open his eyes. The room was too bright and the light hurt his eyes. Will whined, turning his head away from the light and scrubbing his eyes with his hand.

“Close the curtain.”

Whoever it was, did as they were told. Will blinked his eyes back open. The light did not hurt anymore.

“Is that better?”

“Yeah,” Will said, clearing his throat. His throat and mouth felt so dry they hurt. His voice sounded weird in his ears.

“Here. Try some of these,” the woman said. She held a small spoonful of ice. Will eagerly opened his mouth. The ice soothed his mouth and throat.

He looked around the room. He only saw a woman and a large man next to her. No Hannibal. Will instantly felt his eyes well up and he felt his chest tighten. Where was Hannibal? Will wanted Hannibal. Hannibal promised to stay.

“Will, what’s wrong?” the woman asked.

Will sniffled, feeling his cheeks get all wet by his tears. Will attempted to wipe the tears away but more tears replaced them. “H-Hann’bu,” maybe if he said his name he would appear in front of him. He wanted that so bad. It did not happen.

“What was that?”

“Hann’bu,” Will said a bit more firmly, “I want Hann’bu.”

“Hannibal?”

“Yeah,” Will gasped and nodded.

“Will,” the man suddenly said. Will head snapped toward the man. He looked kind of scary. But he was trying to use a soothing tone. He was not very good at it.

“Hannibal left,” the man said. Will felt his whole world fall apart. Hannibal was not there. He was not there. He was not there. Why wasn’t he there? He left. He left. Why did he break his promise?

“No, no, no,” Will heard himself say. He felt like he could not control his body. He was too upset and sad and hurt. He just wanted Hannibal and Hannibal was not there. That was no fair.

No fair. No fair. No fair.

“I wan’ Hann’bu. I wan’ Hann’bu!” Will shrieked. He felt his body move all on its own. He kicked his feet and his hands started to hit himself. It made him feel a bit better. He knew that Hannibal would not like him acting like this, but Hannibal was not here.

Will could hear people shouting at him. That only served to make him more upset. Soon, someone grabbed his wrist and tried to hold him down. He did not like that. The bad man held him down to hurt him. Will did not want to be hurt. He just wanted Hannibal. Why could he have Hannibal?

He pushed and pulled away from the hands on him. “No! No, no, no, no. I wan’ Hann’bu.”

There was a very loud voice then silence. Everyone was quiet, the only sound was Will’s crying and begging. He felt someone take his hand. He flinched and sobbed. Whoever had his hand started to speak to him in a soft, soothing tone. Will knew that the person was speaking to him, but he could not understand it. He felt his body start to relax.

“That’s it, William,” a different voice from the other two said. So calm and soothing “Take a deep breath.”

Will found himself listening to the voice. The more deep breaths that he took, the more calm and relaxed he felt. He was still upset that Hannibal was not there, but he did not feel the need to scream.

“Now, what’s all these tears about?”

Will looked at the woman who was now holding his hand. She had strawberry blonde hair and soft brown eyes. Will avoided her eyes as he said, “I wan’ Hann’bu.”

“I understand. Is Hannibal your friend?”

“Yeah,” Will nodded. Hannibal was his friend. Hannibal would keep him safe. He just wanted him.

“Well, right now, Hannibal’s not here.”

Will whimpered and he felt his chest tighten again.

“Will, stay with me,” the woman said, voice only slightly louder. “Take a deep breath and listen.”

“I wan’ Hann’bu,” Will whined.

“And Hannibal is going to be back,” the woman assured.

“Is?” Will asked, looking like he did not quite believe her.

“Yes, he did not leave you forever. I’m sure if you ask your friends, they’ll call him.”

He looked toward the original man and woman. “Call?”

“Of course,” the man said, walking out of the room with his phone in his hand.

“Sorry, Doctor,” Will said with a blush, suddenly embarrassed about his earlier behavior. He was a bad boy.

“You are just fine. There is no need to apologize,” the woman assured with a kind smile, “and not doctor. Nurse. Nurse Terry,” Nurse Terry held out her identification badge.

“Nurse Terry,” Will said, mirroring her smile.

The man entered the room again.

“Hann’bu?” Will asked.

“He will be here in a few minutes.”

“Okay, okay. Few minutes. Few minutes,” Will said mostly to himself. He thought that he could handle a few more minutes without Hannibal. Hannibal would be here in a few minutes.

“Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Hannibal is back and they ask Will some questions.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Hannibal figures out what is going on with Will.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal arrived home and instantly went on autopilot. He went to his bathroom and shed his bloody clothes. He tossed the clothing into the laundry. He would take care of them later. Right now, he needs to get himself together and get back to Will as soon as possible.

He quickly took a shower then made himself something to eat. He then called and messaged his clients. All of his time would be dedicated to Will for the next… Hannibal was not sure. Until Will's ankle healed, that was sure. He told them that he was in the middle of a family emergency. Hannibal recommended them to other therapists for the time being.

It was just past 7:30 when he heard his phone right. Jack Crawford was calling. Hannibal's stomach dropped. What was happening with Will. Nothing bad should be happening to Will. Will was stable when he left.

"Hello Jack," Hannibal said, "is there something wrong with Will."

"Nothing is wrong per say," Jack said. Hannibal wanted to ask what he meant by that, but Jack continued, "he is awake and he's upset you aren't here."

"What do you mean by upset?" Hannibal asked. He was already preparing to leave. All of his personal and professional matters were taken care of. Now, he could focus on Will.

Jack paused for a moment before he said, "the first thing that he did when he woke up was ask for you. I tried to explain that you had left but would be right back. He started crying… sobbing. He- uh- also started to kick and hit himself. All he did was repeat that he wanted you. A nurse was able to calm him down. Can you come right away?"

"Of course," Hannibal said. He wanted to scold Jack for not only upsetting Will when he was so weak but for also being unable to calm him down. A random nurse that Will likely did not know was able to. Some behavioral profiler. "I will be there right away."

"I'm really worried about him, Hannibal," Jack said, his voice quieter than normal. "What I just saw, that is not the Will I know."

"He has been through a very traumatic nine months," Hannibal answered, picking up his overnight bag and making his way out of his house. "It would be cruel to expect him to be the

same after everything he has been through. This is not a situation where he can simply get back on the saddle."

"I'm not expecting him to," Jack said, voice now low. It was as if he was offended that Hannibal would suggest such a thing. With his past behavior, Hannibal thought, could he really blame him. "It's just- listen, you did not see him. His behavior was not that of a 36 year old man. It was more like," here Jack paused. Hannibal did too, his hand on his door knob, "it was more like a toddler having a meltdown."

Hannibal continued his way to his car as he responded, "Will has been known for some passionate displays of emotions in the past." It was mostly in therapy that these displays of emotions were found, but he knew that Jack had at least witnessed one.

Jack sighed on the other end as Hannibal got into his car. He was getting frustrated at having to explain himself. "I know, but this wasn't like that. Look, you're just going to have to see for yourself."

"I will. I'll be there in thirty minutes."

"Thank you," Jack said as he hung up.

Hannibal was intrigued by Jack's description of Will's behavior. 'A toddler having a meltdown,' Hannibal thought. He had an idea of what could be going on, but he would have to speak to Will first.

…

Hannibal walked into the hospital and made his way to Will's room. Before he could enter, he saw Alana was sitting outside of his room. He looked into the window and could see tears streaming down Will's checks. Jack was still with him and talking to him. Asking him questions.

"Why is Will crying?" Hannibal asked.

"He just gave the account of how he escaped," Alana said, putting her phone in her bag. "I was just on the phone with the local PD to tell them everything we know so far."

"Can you tell me how he escaped?"

"The 'Bad Man' as Will put it, pushed him down and Will hit his head," Alana started.

"That explains the injury to his head," Hannibal said mostly to himself.

"Yes," Alana nodded before continuing, "then the 'Bad Man' got on top of him. Here, Will apparently saw a knife in the man's pocket. Will must have seen an opportunity and grabbed the knife out of his pocket. Will said that he then stabbed the man 'a lot.' He could not give an exact number. He then walked out. No one else was there. He kept walking until he stumbled upon your house. Local PD thinks that they're close to where he was kept." Here Alana had to blink tears away. "They're not even ten miles away from your house, Hannibal."

This caused Hannibal to frown. Ten miles. That was closer than the hospital. Hopefully, if they do find where Will was kept, they will also find the body of "the bad man."

“Well, hopefully they can find where he was held soon and bring these monstrosities to justice,” Hannibal said, allowing the hatred in his voice to leak out a bit. “Are you coming back in?” Hannibal asked, offering to hold the door open for her.

“No, I just need a moment,” Alana said.

“Understood,” Hannibal nodded. He entered the room. He was not noticed for a moment.

“So, Sammy, Dan, and Travis, that’s all the names you remember,” Jack said. He was speaking to Will in the calmest and softest voice that Hannibal had ever heard him speak in. Especially when it came to Will.

“Yea- yes, sir,” Will sniffled, clumsily wiping a tear only for another one to take its place.

“Thank you for answering all my questions. That was very brave,” Jack complemented. His presence was finally noticed when Jack lifted his head. Jack smiled and pointed to Hannibal.

Will followed the finger. His smile practically lit up the room. “Hann’bu, Hann’bu here!” Will practically squealed. His excitement bubbled up and he squirmed in the hospital bed, flapping his one arm that did not have the IV in it.

“Hann’bu, ‘mere, please,” Will said, reaching out to Hannibal.

Hannibal walked to Will’s bed with a small smile while he was internally blown away. Will hardly ever let his emotions be quite so open. Especially when it comes to happiness or joy.

“Of course, Will,” Hannibal said, smiling at Will as he made his way over to the younger man. He sat down in a plastic chair. He took Will’s hand in his own.

Will made a noise of pure happiness, squeezing his hand. He no longer had tears in his eyes.

“Hann’bu stay now. Please, please stay now,” Will practically begged, rubbing his chest. Sign language Hannibal recognized.

Hannibal rubbed Will’s knuckles, “I will stay as much as I can.”

Will sighed with contentment at Hannibal’s words though he knew that Will would likely get upset if he did need to leave again.

“Hann’bu stay,” Will said mostly to himself with a happy sigh.

Jack threw him a look that practically screamed ‘see what I mean?’

It was unfortunate to agree with Jack on anything, especially anything regarding Will, but Hannibal had to. Will simply was not acting himself. Hannibal and Will continued to talk for a couple of minutes. Will’s smile never dampened though his eyes were starting to flutter. Poor boy was getting tired.

Just as Alana reentered the room Hannibal asked, “Will, how old are you?”

Will opened his mouth to answer, but Alana interrupted. “He passed all his neurological tests. There’s no evidence of brain damage.”

“I assumed, but this is not a test. It’s a question,” Hannibal told her. He then turned his attention back to Will. “So, Will, how old are you?”

“‘m 36,” Will stated.

He was not wrong but that was not the answer that Hannibal was looking for. So, Hannibal reworded his question. “How old are you feeling?”

Hannibal ignored the confused looks he got from Jack and Alana. He was focused on reactions from Will. He ducked his head and he bit his lip a moment before answering. He was nervous. “N-not 36.”

Alana’s eyes widened in realization while Jack still looked confused.

“What do you mean by that,” Hannibal asked, rubbing his knuckles to offer comfort.

Will shrugged.

Hannibal knew that Will would often shrug or say ‘I don’t know’ when he did not want to talk about something. It was not that he did not know, but that he did not want to answer. Normally, Hannibal would change the subject when Will claimed ignorance. This time, however, he knew that he could not. He needed to get to the bottom of Will’s unusual behavior so he could help him better.

“I think you do know,” Hannibal pushed gently.

“I… I,” Will took a shuddering breath and curled up.

“Will, I promise, you are alright. Nothing is going to hurt you for speaking your mind,” Will looked up at Hannibal and they made rare eye contact. “You are safe.”

“I don’t feel that way,” Will said.

“What way?”

“Like a ‘dult,” Will picked at his blanket. Will shuttered. Now that he spoke it was like the verbal dam broke. He said that his brain felt fuzzy and he could not remember how to do things that he knew he should. Among other things.

“I know- I know there somet’ing w’ong with me, but I- but I can’t ‘top it,” Will looked terrified at Hannibal. “‘m sorry.”

“Listen to me, Will,” Hannibal said seriously, “there is nothing wrong with you, and you have nothing to apologize for.” Will did not look like he did not believe him. So, Hannibal continued, “I do believe I know what is going on.”

“What?” Will asked, looking at Hannibal like he held all of the answers in the world. In the moment, he likely did.

“You are regressing,” Hannibal said.

“Regressing?” Jack asked as if it was the strangest thing he ever heard.

“Yes,” Hannibal said simply. He was not going to explain further.

“It does make sense, Jack. regression can be a coping mechanism. With everything that we know he went through, he needs something.”

‘Likely could not handle what was happening to him,’ Hannibal thought, ‘so he regressed to a time where he felt safe and could be protected. Young toddler from how he is behaving now.’

“Not bad,” Will said in a voice that was barely a whisper. He sounded so scared that Hannibal would think that he was bad.

“No, Darling, not bad at all,” Hannibal said, voice soft and soothing.

Will nodded and rubbed his eyes. “Hann’bu I s’eepy.”

“Alright, Will,” Hannibal said, tucking the blanket up further around Will’s shoulder, “go to sleep then.”

“We have to get going,” Jack said, standing to leave. He was already planning on leaving when he was done with his interview with Will. Now, he had some things to process. “Duty calls.”

“Bye,” Will whispered, closing his eyes slowly.

“We’ll see you later,” Alana said as they both walked out of the room.

“Hann’bu?” Will asked, tired eye open again.

“Yes?”

“You stay,” Will asked, squirming and attempting to keep his eyes open. He was trying to stay awake. Would until he got his reassurances.

“Of course,” Hannibal said, gently running his hand through Will’s hair. Will’s eyes fluttered closed again. “I will be here when you wake.”

Will fell asleep not long after he heard Hannibal’s comforting words. If he was going to be there when Will woke up then everything would be right in the world. Hannibal would keep him safe.

Chapter End Notes

Do you guys want Freddie to be well... Freddie.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Alana gives Will some gifts.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal groaned as he woke up. He was suddenly reminded that he was nearly fifty years old. The consequences of sleeping in the stiff plastic chair raging through his joints. He felt sore and stiff in a way that he was not at all used to. His neck was sore and took a moment to rotate it. His joints radiated pain. Even the day after killing someone, he would feel a pleasant soreness, not this bone deep ache.

Hannibal shook his head, stretching to rid himself of some of the soreness. His back popped pleasantly. He then pushed the discomfort away and focused on Will. Will was still asleep on his back with his face still turned toward Hannibal. His hand was no longer in Hannibal's hand. Instead, Will was nursing on his first two fingers. He could hear suckling sounds in the quiet room. It was adorable.

A gentle smile overtook Hannibal's face. His boy looks so small and sweet. Hannibal would willingly go through any amount of pain to be here for Will. He always would.

He stood and walked the length out the room to simply stretch his legs. His knees popped as he stood. He sat on the window seat. It was much more comfortable than the chair. He could stretch out his legs. Most importantly, he was still close to Will. Close enough to hold his hand if Will wanted to.

Hannibal was more than content to sit and stare at Will. Then, about an hour later, he heard the door open. Will was still sleeping peacefully.

"Hello, Alana," Hannibal said as she entered the hospital room.

"Hi, Dr. Lecter," Alana said. She sat down in a chair on the other side of the bed. She placed a large gift bag next to her. Hannibal saw a teddy bear and card poking out of it. Gifts for Will.

"It's just a few things to make Will's hospital stay more bearable," Alana explained with a smile. She also knew how much Will hated hospitals.

"That is very thoughtful," Hannibal said. He was honestly surprised. He knew that their friendship was strained before he was taken. Perhaps she was feeling bad for attempting to push him away.

“It was actually Jack’s idea,” Alana looked away and picked at her nails. She felt guilty that she was not the one to think about the gift.

Hannibal had to stifle a smirk. Who knew that Jack could care so much. He then changed the subject. “Are there any updates on the case?”

“We found where Will was held,” Alana said, looking a bit happier at the progress on the case. “It was a rundown house just over ten miles from your home. We also found the body of the ‘bad man.’ He was Alec Harmen.”

Alec Harmen was released from his twenty year prison sentence earlier that year for good behavior after only serving 15 years. He always blamed Will for his imprisonment. If him threatening to harm Will in court was obvious enough.

“He killed his wife after finding her in bed with another man,” Will had said when he was released. Hannibal could practically see him the way he was that day. He sat back comfortably in his normal seat. He wore a gray shirt, green checkered shirt, his green jacket, and tan slacks. His hair was still a mess and eyes bright with fever (it was right before he started receiving treatment for his encephalitis). He looked so calm. Much more calm than anyone should be after reciting how someone threatened to kill him. Especially when they knew that he was now a free man. “He got some good lawyers. ‘Crime of passion’ bullshit," Will rolled his eyes. “Helped that he was a cop. Didn’t matter that he was an abusive prick that probably would have killed her anyway if he got too angry. He had it cushy in prison too. Never had to go into the mass. He was always protected.”

“Sounds like he got off easy,” Hannibal had said, not commenting on the improper language.

“Way too easy,” Will said, crossing his arms. “Not saying what Norma did was right, but she did not deserve to die.”

Hannibal nodded. Then he said, “You don’t seem concerned about the threat to your life.”

Will shrugged. “Not the first or last time it happened. I go into court or an arrest and almost expect it. Kinda disappointing when it doesn’t. No one’s ever made good on their promises, so it’s just word vomit at this point.”

Hannibal was brought back to the present when Alana continued. “We now know who Sammy, Dan, and Travis are. Sammy and Dan are his younger brothers and Travis is his friend. Their fingerprints and- uh- bodily fluids are all over the house. They were obviously there often.”

“By now they probably found the body,” Hannibal said. That also means that they know that Will escaped. If they were smart, they would be attempting to flee. Considering that they followed their brother into kidnapping and torturing a federal agent, Hannibal did not think that they were very smart.

“Probably. Time of death was about 8 yesterday evening,” Alana agreed.

Four hours. Will was wandering around for four hours. He was so lucky that he stumbled across his house and did not succumb to the cold.

“We have a BOLO on the men,” Alana said. “All the airports, train stations, and subways in the area have the descriptions of the men.”

“Hopefully you can bring these men to justice soon,” Hannibal said with a small smile.

“I do too,” Alana said with a sudden dark look in her eyes. “Those men deserve to rot for what they did to Will.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, surprised by the venom in Alana’s voice.

A silence fell over then. Alana continued to stare at Will.

“Where is he going to go when they release him?” Alana asked. Hannibal was about to answer that he would be more than happy to take Will back home with him. After all, Will was obviously the most comfortable around him and Hannibal was more than capable of caring for Will. Alana, however, continued talking, “I don’t think they have any beds at Port Haven, and I don’t know if I would trust anywhere else.”

Hannibal scowled when Alana said that. Port Haven was where Abigail was sent for the first few months after her coma. She hated being there. The staff treated her fine, but she hated not having her freedom. Now, she still had her sessions with Alana and was attending university after Will convinced her to go. There was a lot of convincing on Hannibal’s side to keep her in university when Will was first taken. She was currently on winter break and spending time at a friend’s house. She felt more free than she ever felt before.

Hannibal knew that Will would also hate being sent away to any psychiatric hospital. Not only would he not have any freedom after not having any control over his life for nine months, but he would also be taken away from Hannibal.

“I don’t believe it would be necessary to send him to any psychiatric facility,” Hannibal explained, “it might hinder any progress that he might make. Will needs someone he trusts to take care of him. He needs someone to love and protect him. He needs structure. While a facility might provide some of those things, it would be impossible for the staff to provide all of them.”

“Then where do you recommend that he go?” Alana asked.

“He will come home with me,” Hannibal said in a sure voice. “I can provide for all his needs and wants.”

“I don’t question what you can provide for him,” Alana said, “but are you sure? We don’t know what progress Will is capable of.”

“I remember we had a similar conversation when he had encephalitis,” Hannibal told her, “I was able to care for him then, I can care for him now.”

“He might need care for the rest of his life,” Alana pointed out.

Hannibal already thought of that. He did not care. He wanted Will. Had been wanting him for the past nine months. No matter the state he was brought back in. All things considered, this is not the worst state he could have come back in.

“So, you question my dedication to Will,” Hannibal said, trying his best not to sound or look as offended as he felt.

“Of course not,” Alana exclaimed, “I just want you to understand what a life changing commitment this will be.”

She was talking to him as if he was a child begging to adopt a puppy. He almost wanted to point out that Will was not a dog and he was not a child, but that would simply spur the argument on.

“I do understand,” Hannibal said, leaning forward and forcing his voice to take on a softer tone. “As you know, I care a great deal about Will. I had not known myself to care about another person more than I do him. These past nine months, I have felt like I have been in limbo. I’ve been going through my normal routines, but that was it. Everything felt meaningless and I had no idea where I was going. Last night, when Will showed up on my door, it was like everything started to focus again.

Trust me, I know what I am doing, and I want to care for Will.”

Alana leaned back in her chair and nodded. “I see.”

Alana did not get to say anything else as Will started to stir. He sniffed, suckled on his fingers harder, and whined.

Hannibal was on his feet in an instant. “Hush, Dear Will,” Hannibal said, stroking his hair. “You are safe.”

"Hann’bu,” Will asked past his fingers. His voice gruff from sleep, and he cracked open his eyes. He cleared his throat and swallowed.

“Right here,” Hannibal assured with a smile.

“Hann’bu stay,” Will said, mirroring Hannibal’s smile.

“Of course, my boy. I can’t think of anywhere else to be.”

Will’s smile turned into his own. “Really?”

“Yes, really.”

Will hummed to himself still sucking his fingers.

“How was your nap?” Hannibal asked after a moment of quiet. If one could call sleeping for six hours a nap. Will, however, needed it.

“Goo’,” Will said, snugging deeper into his bed. He looked around the room. Once his eyes landed on Alana, he flinched and took his fingers out of his mouth. He hid his hand in his blanket as if he was scared he would be punished.

“That’s good, Darling,” Hannibal said, touching his shoulder in a comforting way.

Will turned back to Hannibal. “Yeah,” the boy agreed with a small smile. Hannibal rubbed Will’s shoulder. He leaned into the touch.

“Will?” Alana said to get Will’s attention. Will flinched at the voice but looked at the woman. He did not say anything.

“I brought some stuff for you,” Alana told him, holding the bag up. “So you won’t be so bored.”

Will looked back at Hannibal. He was looking for permission. “Go ahead.”

Will still hesitated but took the bag from Alana’s hand. The first thing that Will grabbed was the teddy bear. It was gray with a blue bow.

“Teddy,” Will said with a soft, surprised voice. He pet the soft looking toy and rubbed the silky bow. “He pretty.”

“Thank you. He does something special when you squeeze him,” Alana told him.

Will squeezed the teddy bear and gasped as it lit up. His eyes whined bright with pure joy. Will cooed rubbing the fur. “C-cool.”

Will then reached back into the bag. Hannibal leaned closer to stop him. “Let’s look at the card first,” Hannibal pulled out the card.

“Oh, okay,” Will said, taking his hand out of the bag even though it was obvious that all he wanted to do was get his hands on his new toys. He held his teddy bear to his chest.

“Feel better soon,” Hannibal read the front of the card. He then opened it. “It was signed by all your friends at the FBI.”

“F’iends,” Will said sounding confused.

“Friends,” Will scoffed during one of their talks. “I don’t have friends. Never have. Present company excluded.”

Hannibal smiled at the memory. In the present Will started reading all the names out loud. “Jack, ‘lana, Beve’lee…”

Will then thanked Alana and turned toward Hannibal. “I open the rest.”

“Go ahead, Will,” Hannibal permitted with a nod.

Will smiled, practically tearing into the bag. There were crayons and several coloring books, a couple of building toys, books aimed at older children, and a few games.

Will looked at his stash in awe. Eyes wide and smiling.

“Thank you, ‘lana,” Will said with a grin.

“You should thank Jack,” Hannibal told him with a smirk.

Will looked around the room ready to do just that. He then looked confused when he did not see him. “Where Jack?”

“He’s working right now,” Alana told him.

“Tryin’a find the bad guys,” Will asked.

“Yes.”

“I see ‘im ‘gain?” Will asked, sounding worried.

“How about I go talk to him,” Alana said. “I’ll see when he can come see you.”

“Okay.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Will tries to eat (Hannibal ends up feeding him) and Freddie starts her bullshit.

I just realized something and feel like you guys would get a laugh out of it. My Pinterest feed is either "Toddler Learning Activities" (I'm a preschool teacher) or memes about a cannibalistic serial killer. There is no in-between.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Hannibal helps Will eat.

Chapter Notes

Purely fluffy chapter.

Sorry for any mistakes. This was mostly written on my phone.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Alana left the room, Will heaved a great sigh and relaxed into his pillows. Will rubbed his thumb on his lips. He did not allow his thumb to slip past his lips. He was still very uncomfortable around these new people. He could not be certain that they would not try and hurt him. He squeezed his teddy tightly to make it light up again. It was comforting.

“It’s alright, Will,” Hannibal said. “I would never let anyone hurt you. Not while I’m here.”

“I knows.”

Hannibal ran a hand through Will’s hair. “Then there is nothing to fear. Right?”

“Yeah,” Will nodded in agreement. He would agree with anything Hannibal said. Hannibal was always right. So, if Hannibal said that he did not need to be scared then he would try not to be scared.

“Good boy,” Hannibal said as he removed his hand. Will whined, reaching out toward the man. Hannibal smiled at the adorable action. “Oh, what is it, Mylimas?” the nickname slipping out, “do you want my hand in your hair.”

Will nodded. It felt nice. Really nice. Will sighed as Hannibal started to play with his hair again. It felt really nice.

“What that?” Will asked.

“What do you mean?” Hannibal asked with confusion on his face.

“What you say. Mee’oo’mas.” Will knew that he was not pronouncing the word correctly.

Hannibal chuckled at the mispronunciation. His boy was absolutely adorable. He lifted his chin so that Will looked at him. Will's eyes drifted to Hannibal's nose.

"Mylimas," Hannibal said slowly, attempting to help Will say his native term of endearment.

"My'oo'mas," Will repeated. It was closer. Hannibal said it one more time. This time, Will was able to say the nickname correctly. "Mylimas." Will smiled, knowing that he did something that would make Hannibal happy.

Hannibal did smile with pride, "smart boy. It means beloved in my native language."

"Your language?"

"That's right, Darling," Hannibal said, still playing with Will's hair. The boy sighed and leaned into his hand. "What would you like to do?"

Will hummed in question. He did not know what Hannibal ment. He did not know what he wanted to do.

"Would you like to play with your toys?" Hannibal rephrased his question.

"Yeah," Will smiled. He tapped his thumb to his lips as he considered his options. "I want color."

"Here you are, Mylimas," Hannibal said, handing him one of the coloring books (all with simple pictures of dogs) and a box of crayons. He then put the rest of the toys in Will's lap back into the gift bag. Will looked nervous while holding his new teddy. "You can play with those later if you would like." Hannibal assured as he brought the overbed table to Will.

"Okay. Thank you." Will placed his coloring book on the table.

"You are welcome," Hannibal said with a small smile.

Will then attempted to open the box of crayons. His hands, however, were shaking too bad for him to open it. Will made a noise of frustration. "Can't do it," the boy whined, tears flooding his eyes.

"Would you like some help?" Hannibal asked. His hand was already outstretched to take the box.

"Please," Will handed him the pack.

Hannibal easily opened it and handed it back to Will.

"Thank you," Will smiled. He then flipped through the book trying to find a picture that he liked. He landed on a picture of an Aussie puppy. Will have a melancholy sigh.

"What is the matter?" Hannibal asked, concerned. One moment Will was happily looking through his book and the next, he was looking like he was about to cry.

"I miss my puppies," Will said. His voice was barely audible, but Hannibal heard it.

"Oh, Darling. I know you do. They miss you too," Hannibal resumed stroking Will's hair. If he could bring all of Will's dogs to the hospital, he would. He was considering having them move in with him. Especially if Will's regression would be long term.

"Do?" Will questioned.

"That do," Winston especially. Apparently the dog would hardly do anything all day but lay down on Will's bed. It was a chore to get him to go outside or even eat. "I'll tell you what. As soon as I believe you can handle the two hour drive to Wolf Trap, I'll take you there to visit your puppies."

"Will?" the boy exclaimed. He smiled and it was once again bright.

"Yes. That might not be for a couple more weeks. Your ankle needs to heal and you need to get a little stronger."

"Oh, ok," Will nodded. He then went back to his book. All of his previous upset was forgotten about. His coloring was shaky and not quite in the lines. Will, however, did not seem to care. He was absolutely absorbed in the activity.

Hannibal watched his boy with a soft smile on his face. Eventually, Will's thumb made it past his lips. He gently sucked as he continued to color. Hannibal did not pull out the digit as much as he wanted to. It was dirty and could get Will sick. Will, however, needed as much comfort as he could get. If he received comfort from sucking his thumb, Hannibal would allow it for now. He would have to get pacifiers for when they were home.

Suddenly, the door opened. To anyone they did not know Will, they would have assumed that he did not notice. Hannibal, however, noticed that his shoulders hitched and he sucked his thumb harder.

“Good afternoon, William. Dr. Lecter.”

Will looked up then smiled. “Hi, Nurse Tarry.”

“Hello, Willam.” The nurse continued to walk into the room with a tray with a bowl of something and a glass.

“What that?” Will asked, pointing to the tray in the nurse’s hands.

“It's lunch for you. Just some oatmeal that will be easy on your stomach,” Nurse Tarry explained.

"We'll need to move your coloring out of the way," Hannibal said when it did not look like Will was going to do just that.

"But-but I color," Will pouted.

"I know. You may color after you eat," Hannibal told him with a firm but gentle tone.

Will processed Hannibal's words for a moment. He then pushed his crayons and book aside. "Okay."

Nurse Tarry sat the tray down with an amused look on her face.

"Dr. Lecter, may I speak to you for a moment?" The nurse asked.

Will looked nervous as they walked to the other corner of the room so that he could not hear them. Will did not like that at all but at least he could still see Hannibal.

"What would you like to discuss?" Hannibal asked. He sent a comforting smile to Will.

"There is a woman who wants to see William. She was sent away by the agents. Now she's at the nursing station claiming to be William's sister."

"Will does not have a sister," Hannibal said. He thought he knew who she was. It was confirmed when Tarry described her. Young woman with red and very curly hair.

"No, do not allow her in here. That is Freddie Lounds. She has written numerous defamatory articles about Will. She has practically called him a serial killer on more than one occasion," Hannibal explained.

Nurse Tarry looked mad for a moment before putting on a professional mask. "I will call security."

"Much appreciated," Hannibal nodded. They then parted ways. Hannibal say back down next to Will.

"What that?" Will asked.

Hannibal smiled. His curious little mongoose. "Nothing you need to worry about," Hannibal says. He pushed the bowl closer to the boy. "Why don't you try and eat?"

"Alright," Will said. He picked up the spoon. He tried to bring the spoon to his mouth. He really did try. His hands, however, were shaking too bad. He dropped it back down onto the table. He made a big mess. Will's breath hitched. Hannibal did not like messes. He was going to get mad at him. Will did not want Hannibal at him. Tears started sliding down his cheeks.

"It's alright, Mylimas. It's just a little mess." Hannibal told him as he wiped up the mess with the napkins Tarry provided. "See all gone."

"All gone," Will parroted with a sniffle. Will looked at Hannibal. Hannibal did not look angry. He looked concerned. Still, Will had to make sure. "Not mad."

"No, I'm not mad," Hannibal then smiled gently and asked "do I look mad?"

"Happy!" Will exclaimed with a smile and giggle. "No mad."

"No, not mad," Hannibal said. He then promised, "I will never get mad at you for a mistake."

Will nodded. That did not seem possible. Everyone got mad at him for mistakes. But Hannibal was not like everyone else. He always kept his promises. He always protected him and made him feel safe. He never yelled or touched when Will did not want him to. Hannibal was different. A good type of different.

Will nodded again. This time stronger.

"Would you like help eating?" Hannibal then asked.

"Yes, please," Will said, rubbing his chest.

"Such good manners," Hannibal praised as he picked up the spoon. He scooped up some lumpy oatmeal and fed Will the bite.

Will made a face. It was not the taste which was plain. It was the texture. Lumpy and lukewarm and yucky. Will said just that "yucky" with no thought.

"I know, Little One," Hannibal said. "Hospital food's no good, is it?"

"No goo'," Will said with a shake of the head.

"Do you think you could take a few more bites for me,' Hannibal asked. He knew he was being slightly manipulative, but he felt no remorse. He never did, but this was for Will's health. It would not be good for his stomach to continue to go without food.

Will would do anything for Hannibal. Even if it was eating the yucky oatmeal. So, he nodded and opened his mouth.

"Good boy, Mylimas," Hannibal said, giving Will another few bites.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Will had surgery on his ankle. Jack and Hannibal have a heart to heart. Will gets very upset after surgery.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Jack and Hannibal have a heart to heart.
Wil gets very upset after his surgery.

Chapter Notes

This is probably the nicest that I can write Jack.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will was in surgery for his ankle. Hannibal had just arrived back at the hospital. He knew that the surgery would take a few hours because of the severity of the break so he went home. While at home, he took a much needed shower and rested. When he woke up, he discovered that a few packages for Will had arrived. A few pacifiers and toys that he thought the boy would enjoy. He unpacked them in the boy's room. He could not wait to take his boy home.

When he arrived back at the hospital, Will was unfortunately still in surgery. There were complications that they did not go into details with.

"He should be out very soon, Dr. Lecter." Was all he was told.

Hannibal entered Will's hospital room, surprised to see Jack.

"Oh, hello, Jack," Hannibal greeted, attempting to hide his surprise.

"Hello, Dr. Lecter," Jack said. He did notice Hannibal's surprise. He did not blame the man. He had not always treated Will the best. That made a pang guilt stab him in the chest. He would do better by the man.

"Alana said that Will wanted to see me. I thought that he would be out of surgery by now," Jack explained.

"As did I," Hannibal responded. He sat down in his normal spot. He could tell that something was weighing Jack down. His shoulders were slumped as if something heavy was on him. His arms were crossed. His eyebrows were low and his mouth was taunt.

"Penny for your thoughts?" Hannibal asked after a few minutes of silence. Jack looked up and rolled his head. He opened his mouth for a moment before closing it with a deep sigh.

“I’m worried for him,” Jack settled on saying.

“We’ve discussed this before,” Hannibal said, leaning forward. He sat his elbows on his knees and intertwined his fingers. Attempting to show interest.

“I know. And it’s not a professional concern,” Jack said, voice daring Hannibal to suggest something like he did last time.

“Then what type of concern is it?” Hannibal asked. He knew what it sounded like. He would say something like this in session with a client.

Jack noticed it too as he said, “I’m not your client, Dr. Lecter.”

“I’m aware,” Hannibal said and he was. He was not interested in Jack’s emotional state in a professional manner nor did he particularly care in a personal manner. Jack’s worries, however, were about Will. He cared about Will very much. If something Jack was feeling would affect Will, Hannibal had to know. So, he said, “I was hoping that we were friends and we could talk as such.”

Jack sighed again, looking at the empty space that Will’s bed should have been. “Will has a way of wrapping himself around everyone’s- well most everyone’s- finger without even realizing it.”

Hannibal nodded in agreement. He did just that the first time that they met. Neither of them noticed at the time. It took them many months for either to notice.

Jack continued when Hannibal did not say anything. “I feel bad- horrible. I never treated Will the way that he deserved. Even when he was sick and I knew he was sick, I pushed him to work. All because he could do things that I could not. He made my job easier.” Here Jack cleared his throat. “These past nine months, I nearly drove myself insane with the thoughts that maybe- more than likely- the sicko that took Will was one of the bastards that I had Will take down. It made me feel sick.”

“You feel guilt,” Hannibal observed.

“Yes,” Jack cleared his throat once again. “I would do anything to make things right. If he wants me around- great. If he does not- that’s okay too.”

Hannibal felt a wave of possessiveness wash over him. All he could think was that Will was his. He wished that no one else was here for his boy. He should have taken him into his home and told no one. Eventually, he would be assumed dead, and Will would be all his. Hannibal then leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs. He attempted to look like he was contemplating Jack’s words while in reality he was trying to think of a reasonable response. One that was not possessive.

“It… would be beneficial for Will to have others there for him. Let him know that he is safe and loved,” Hannibal said.

“If he will let me.”

“There’s no harm in trying.”

Jack simply nodded.

…

Unfortunately, Jack had to leave before Will was out of surgery. “We got them, Hannibal,” was the only thing that the man said once he hung up his phone. He rushed out of the room.

Hannibal smiled. Finally, the monster would be brought to justice.

A few minutes later, Will was brought back into the room. He was still sleeping, and he was breathing on his own.

“He should wake up in a few minutes,” the doctor said as he left. The nurse lingered in the room, taking vitals and checking his IV. Hannibal allowed her to work as he took Will’s hand. His hand was cold and limp. He rubbed it in an attempt to warm it up. He also placed Will’s teddy bear in his arms.

A few moments later, Will squeezed his hand back and groaned.

“Will?” Hannibal questioned. The nurse looked over as well, but she kept her distance.

Will whined again, rolling his head to the side. His face was screwed up.

“It’s alright, Mylimas. Open your eyes.”

Hannibal smiled as Will’s eyes fluttered open. His blue eyes were dull from the medicine.

“Hanni’,” Will slurred. His face then pinched, “ow.”

“What hurts?” the nurse asked, already picking up a vial of medication. More than likely an anti-inflammatory to combat the pain.

“No, no,” Will whimpered, not liking anyone else but Hannibal talking to him. He did not like it, especially when he felt so bad. He just wanted Hannibal. He wanted Hannibal to hold him, but Hannibal said no when Will asked earlier. They were in public. Stupid public.

“Hanni, ow, ow.”

Tears started streaming down the poor boy’s cheeks as he squeezed his teddy. The lights did not help soothe him like they usually did. He hurt too much.

The nurse did not ask anymore questions and simply injected the medicine into the IV without Will noticing.

“Oh, Mylimas,” Hannibal practically cooed. He ran his hands through Will’s hair and started speaking in his native tongue. It was truly gibberish, but speaking in different languages always comforted Will. Even when he nearly lost his mind to encephalitis, he was comforted.

Slowly, Will started to calm. His breathing slowed and tears vanished from his eyes.

“Hanni’. I-It hurds,” Will slurred as his thumb drifted to his mouth. He did not suckle on his yet. He simply rested it on his lips

“I know, Darling,” Hannibal said in a gentle tone. It was unfortunately common to have body aches and pains after anastasia. In Will’s current headspace, it would be worse for his poor boy. “It will get better. I promise.”

At some point, the nurse left. Hannibal was grateful for the slight privacy.

Will gripped Hannibal’s hand harder. As hard as he could with his still mostly limp hand. “Hanni’, hold me, p’ease.” He patted his chest with his free hand and pouted at Hannibal with his best puppy eyes. He knew what the answer would be, but that did not stop his heart feeling like it was shattered in two when Hannibal answered.
“I’m sorry, Will,” Hannibal said, and he was. He wanted nothing more than to huddle the boy into his lap and hold him tight until he felt better. “But I can’t right now-”

Hannibal was going to continue to explain, but Will immediately started to sob. It was not a loud sob, but quiet. As if he did not have the energy to cry any louder. His thumb came to his mouth and he began to attempt to self soothe. It was not working. “I jus’ wan’... h-hold me.”

“Shh, Darling, shh,” Hannibal said before making his decision. He was not going to let Will cry it out in bed when he could easily hold the boy. He might get strange or bad looks from the medical staff, but he did not care. No one would dare tell Hannibal what to do with his boy.

“Hold on to your blanket and teddy,” Hannibal ordered. It took a moment for Will to comply, still crying and not understanding why Hannibal was asking him to do that. But he would listen. He would always listen to Hannibal. Hannibal knew best.

After Will held his blanket and teddy to his chest, Hannibal then lifted the boy easily. He was as gentle as he could be, careful not to pull on the IV or jostle the boy too much. He walked over to the window bench with the IV pole coming with them.

“Here we go, Darling,” Hannibal said in the gentlest tone he could as he sat down with his back to the wall and his legs out in front of him. He placed his boy on his lap. The boy immediately curled up and placed his head on Hannibal’s chest. The boy let out one more whimper and sniffled before relaxing against the man. He held his teddy tightly to his chest as Hannibal wrapped him up in the hospital blanket. It was nice and kept him warm, but he wished he had a better blankie. A fluffy warm blankie. Will did not realize that he was talking out loud until Hannibal chuckled. The vibration felt good against his cheek. Almost as good as his heartbeep against his ear.

“I’ll see what I can do to get you a better blankie,” Hannibal promised as he rubbed the boy’s back. He would do anything for his boy.

“Goo’ b’ankie,” Will yawned, rubbing his eyes before gripping Hannibal’s shirt in a vice grip. He would not let Hannibal put him back down. No down. No down. Up was good.

Hannibal smiled down at his boy, glad to see that Will was now completely relaxed. No more tears were in his eyes, and he had a small smile on his face as he suckled his thumb.

“Getting sleepy?” Hannibal asked with an almost teasing smile.

“No,” Will shook his head, forcing his eyes to stay open. Hannibal shook his head in amusement. Will did the same thing the previous night. He did not want to go to sleep for the night. It was like he was scared that Hannibal would leave if he fell asleep. Hannibal hoped that fear would wane when they got home.

“Alright, Darling,” Hannibal said, patting the boy’s back gently. “Just relax. No more upset.”

“I happy now,” Will said, smiling at Hannibal. He swung his good leg. His bad leg was too heavy. It was wrapped in a cast. A green one. Will liked green.

“I see that,” Hannibal said, kissing the top of the boy’s head.

“Cast,” Will said, attempting to reach down and touch it. He would have face planted onto the floor if Hannibal did not tighten his grip on the boy.

Will whimpered, curling up tighter. His heart was now in his throat from the scare.

“You’re alright, Baby,” Hannibal said, “and yes, you have a cast for now.”

“Why?”

“So your ankle bones can heal,” Hannibal explained simply.

“Oh,” Will said

They fell into a comfortable silence. Hannibal continued to rub his back and played with his hair. As Will played with Hannibal’s tie and his eyes started to droop.

“I will not go anywhere. Sleep, Mylumas,” Hannibal said in a quiet tone.

“When we go home?” Will asked as an attempt to get Hannibal off the topic of him going to sleep. He did not want to sleep. “Wanna go home.”

“I know,” Hannibal said. “I also want nothing more than to take you home. The doctors want you to stay for a couple more days.”

“Ba’ doctors,” Will complained, rubbing his tired eyes.

Hannibal was not going to argue with an overtired toddler. He would very much like to keep his sanity. “We’ll be home in a couple of days,” Hannibal repeated. This time it sounded like a promise.

“Mean doctors,” Will grumbled, burying his face in Hannibal's chest.

“Alright, Darling,” Hannibal could not help but chuckle. “I’ll see if I can’t talk with the mean doctors.”

“Kay,” Will nodded.

“Now, sleep.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Will is finally able to go home and his the rest of his kidnappers are arrested. Jack might also make an appearance.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Freddie pulls some of her shit.

Chapter Notes

Sorry that Jack is not in this chapter, the Freddie scene got away from me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Are you ready?" Hannibal asked when he had Will bundled up in his wheelchair. The boy was in warm clothes with his new, fuzzy blanket on his lap and his teddy to his chest. Hannibal attempted to have Will keep his teddy in the room but Will was stubborn and promised to keep his teddy on his lap. Hannibal could not resist his boy when he looked at him with his puppy dog eyes.

"Yeah, go to garden," Will said with a smile. He rocked back and forth softly in his excitement.

Two days after Will's surgery, he started getting antsy. He did not want to stay in bed. "Bad bed," Will said over and over as he refused to lay down. Hannibal got permission by Nurse Tarry to take Will out to the garden. He dressed his boy in a comfortable pair of sweatpants, long sleeve shirt, socks, one boot, and thick jacket that Alana had brought from Will's home earlier. The clothing was too big on Will's now smaller frame. Hannibal tried not to show his sadness about the obvious starvation that Will had suffered. Will was now eating solid food and once they got home, Hannibal would prepare him high calorie, nutritious food that Will would want to eat. He was going to be alright as it came to this.

"Alright, let's go," Hannibal smiled, starting to push Will's wheelchair out of the room.

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"William Thomas Graham," Hannibal scolded firmly as Will reached down in an attempt to touch the Camellia shrub.

Will flinched at the use of his full name. The only time that someone used his full name was when he was in trouble. He did not want to be in trouble with Hannibal. Hannibal was so nice to him. If he got in trouble with Hannibal then he would not be nice anymore.

“Stop trying to touch the flowers,” Hannibal said slowly and firmly as he wheeled Will away from the flowers. He had already told Will that a couple of times.

“But- but they pretty,” Will whined, looking down at his lap.

“Then look at them with your eyes, not your hands,” Hannibal told him, placing Will next to a bench so he could sit as well.

“Can’t see them good,” Will said, pointing to his eyes.

Hannibal sighed. He knew that Will had a mild visual impairment without his glasses. They, unfortunately, did not have access to his glasses. He must have been wearing them when he was working on the boat motor and went with him when the kidnappers. They must have taken them from Will at some point and gotten rid of them. The glasses were nowhere to be found at the crime scene. Alana had called his optometrist to get him a new pair, but they would still take a week to be delivered.

“I know, Mylimas,” Hannibal said, “your glasses are on their way.”

“Patient. Patient,” Will grumbled, crossing his arms. He did not like that he had to be patient for his glasses. He wanted to be able to see. It was not fair at all that he could not see. He could not even read because the words were too blurry and Hannibal did not like that when he held the book to his face. Eye strain, he said. Though it was nice when Hannibal read to him. Maybe Hannibal could read him ni-ni when he got home. He was supposed to go home today.

“Yes, although it’s hard, you must be patient,” Hannibal told him, running a hand through the boy’s now shoulder length hair. The boy did not seem to mind the length so Hannibal had yet to bring it up.

“Home?” Will asked.

Hannibal has become used to Will’s seemingly random changes in topics of conversation. Though sometimes they caused him to raise an eyebrow. This one, however, did not. Will was constantly asking when they were going home.

“When are we going home now, Darling?” Hannibal asked. It was better to ask Will questions regarding this than to repeat himself. That would get them caught in a ‘why’ loop that was difficult to get out of.

“When doctor come see me,” Will answered as he pet his teddy like it was a puppy.

“Has the doctor come to see you?” Hannibal asked.

“Nope,” Will shook his head with a pout.

“That’s right. The doctor will see you this afternoon.” probably around late afternoon. Enough time to let Will play before he needed to start dinner.

“This noon,” Will said mostly to himself as he nodded. He did not like that there was not an exact time, but at least he knew he was getting out of there.

Hannibal simply smiled at the boy.

“I down. I down,” Will suddenly said after a couple of moments of silence. He tried to get out of his chair. Thankfully, Hannibal was quick to place a hand on his shoulder, stopping him in his attempt.

“I down,” Will whined with a pout. He was tired of sitting in the chair. He wanted to get down. “Bad chair.”

Hannibal chuckled with a found smile. “Just because you don’t like it doesn’t make it bad.”

“Bad chair,” Will repeated with emphasis on bad.

“I’ll get you out of the chair,” Hannibal told him, reaching into the bag he brought out. “But first let me put a blanket down.” He knew that it was likely Will would not want to spend all of his time outside in his chair. So, he brought out an old blanket from his house that Will would sit down on and some of the toys that Alana brought for him. He did not particularly care how it would look to other people. They could keep their comments and opinions about a thirty year old man playing with toys to themselves.

“O-okay. Okay,” Will nodded. He waited patiently in his chair now that he knew he would get his way.

Hannibal neatly placed the blanket down on the ground. It covered about a three foot space. That should be enough space with Will being practically immobile.

“Up you go, Will.” Hannibal said. He easily helped the boy stand then sit down on the blanket.

“Thank you,” Will said gratefully, hugging Hannibal’s leg.

Hannibal smiled and rubbed the boy’s back. “You are welcome, my dear.”

“I play with toys,” Will asked, pointing to the bag. He knew that Hannibal brought out some of his toys. He wanted to play.

Hannibal smirked teasingly. “Who said I brought you toys?”

Will gasped dramatically. He could tell that Hannibal was just playing. He could play along. At least for a little bit. “I do. I see you put toy- put toy in the bag.”

Hannibal chuckled, “I thought you could not see good.”

“I see- I see ‘portant things,” Will told him, pointing to the bag.

“And the toys are important things?” Hannibal asked with an eyebrow raised.

“Yeah. They very ‘portant things,” Will said. “P’etty p’ease.”

“Of course, Darling,” Hannibal said. “Would you like your magnet blocks?”

“Yeah,” Will nodded, “I build.”

“Of course, Darling,” Hannibal said, handing the boy the small box. “Here you are.”

“Thank you,” Will smiled. He opened the box and started to build. Hannibal fondly watched the boy build. A couple of people looked over at them with an odd expression, but no one dared approach them.

“Look, Hann’buh,” Will said, showing off his creation. “It dinosaur. Roar. roar.”

“I see, Darling.”

“Bye bye, dinosaur,” Will said as he squished the dinosaur with his hands. He did not do it hard but one of the spherical magnets rolled away. “Oh no, oh no,” Will squealed, trying to reach for the ball. He could not reach it.

“It’s alright, Darling. Stay there, I’ll get it,” Hannibal told him, ruffling Will’s hair as he stood to get the piece.

“Kay,” Will said as he watched for a moment as Hannibal walked away. Once he was comfortable that Hannibal was not walking away from him and was just looking for the toy. Will turned a bit of his attention back to his building. He was going to make a boat.

It took a couple of minutes for Hannibal to find the small piece of the toy. When he turned back, he immediately felt rage boil in his blood. Freddie Lounds was standing over Will and was trying to talk to him. Will seemed to be completely ignoring the woman. It almost looked like he did not realize that she was there. Hannibal, however, saw the way that Will leaned away from her and how he was staring at his toys so he did not have to look at the woman. His hands shook worse than they have in days as he tried to stack the blocks.

Hannibal took large, confident strides as he made his way to Freddie. He stood in between the boy and Freddie.

“Ms. Lounds, you should leave,” Hannibal interrupted whatever Freddie was saying in a firm tone. He was not trying to hide his anger.

Freddie did not flinch at Hannibal’s anger. She even smiled at him. This caused Hannibal’s anger to skyrocket. He had to take a deep breath to not allow himself to explode.

“Hello, Dr. Lecter,” Freddie said, “I just wanted to have a word with Graham.”

She made it sound like something that Hannibal would easily agree to. He would not. “He is recovering. You have been asked to leave twice now. If you do not leave now I will be forced to call security.”

“I just want to talk to Will for a moment.”

Hannibal was about to call over a nurse to get security, but Will said- “I don’t like you. I don’t want to talk to you,” he looked back down at his toy and muttered to himself, “bad woman.”

Hannibal had to fight back a smile at the boy’s words. “You heard him.”

Freddie leaned down in an obvious attempt to talk to Will. Hannibal stepped into her space to force her to stand.

“Will is not going to make a statement without consent,” Hannibal said. He then waved over a nurse.

“Is everything okay over here,” the nurse said in a friendly tone.

“Ms. Lounds needs to be escorted out. She is harassing a patient,” Hannibal said simply.

Thankfully, when the nurse said that she had to follow her, Freddie allowed herself to be led away from Will.

Once Freddie was out of sight, Hannibal kneeled down to Will’s level to check in on his boy. Will was much more relaxed and was now playing like nothing happened.

“Hi, Hanni,” Will smiled when he noticed that Hannibal was now sitting with him.

“Hello,” Hannibal said back, placing a hand on Will’s back. “Are you alright?”

“I kay,” Will nodded. He was scared at first when the woman approached him and he froze. He could not shout out to Hannibal like he wanted to. All he could do was tease up and lean away and keep playing like he did not see her. Hannibal still came to save him, so he was okay now. He did have to ask though, “who that?”

“That was Freddie Lounds,” Hannibal said, not surprised that Will did not remember Freddie. Little Will did not remember many people from adult’s Will’s life. He seemed to remember Jack and Alana now, but that was only because he had seen them before. “She writes many lies, especially about you.”

“Why?” Will asked, looking confused. Why would someone write lies about him? He did not do anything bad.

Hannibal could not help but use Will’s words, “well, because she is a bad woman.”

“Really bad woman,” Will nodded with agreement.

“Good boy,” Hannibal said, kissing the side of the boy’s head.

Will smiled at the affection before he asked, “Han’buh?”

“Yes, Darling,” Hannibal asked, rubbing his boy’s back.

“Get toy,” Will asked, looking in the direction that the toy rolled away.

“Yes, here you are,” Hannibal said, pulling the piece out of his pocket and handing it to the boy.

“Thank you,” Will said. He then continued to play with his toy like nothing had happened.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Will goes home (I promise this time) and Jack will be invited over after he has some good news. Just a nice, fluffy chapter after (and before) Freddie's BS.

I'm not going to lie. I am very hesitant to write the scene with Jack. I want their first real interaction without Jack integrating him to go well. But I am also concerned that it's going to be OOC for Jack. Than again, I feel like I am already writing Jack slightly OOC in this story. So, IDK. If you have any suggestions, go right on ahead and leave them below.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Will starts to settle in at home.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“We go home now,” Will said, practically vibrating with excitement in his chair as Hannibal gathered the rest of his things. The doctor had just said that he was okay to go home. He said something about his blood pressure being on the lower side of normal, but other than that the doctor said that he was fine to go home.

"I know, Mylimas," Hannibal said, smiling back at the boy. He shouldered his overnight bag and Will's bag. They were, thankfully, able to get Will's medication and could go straight home. "What would you like to do when we get home?" Hannibal asked as he started to wheel Will out of the hospital room.

"Not know," Will shrugged, chewing on his fingers and holding his teddy. He tried to get Hannibal to let him keep his blankie, but Hannibal said it would make things more complicated. He wanted to get home as soon as possible.

Hannibal hummed, thinking that the first thing he was going to do was introduce Will to his new collection of pacifiers and chews.

"How about we get you settled in your room?" Hannibal said. It was right around the time for Will's afternoon nap. Though he did not know how successful he would be at getting him down now. He was too excited. “Perhaps I can introduce you to some of your new toys.”

“I want new toys,” Will said as Nurse Terry joined them. She said that she had to escort them out. Will did not mind. He liked Nurse Terry. She was really nice. She even read to him when Hannibal had to go home for a little bit.

“Then, after you play for your toys for a while, you can take a nap,” Hannibal said.

It did not surprise anyone when Will said, “no nap, Han’buh.” He had been incredibly reluctant to sleep. He had yet to have a nightmare, but he still felt obviously anxious. Perhaps memories from the sleep disturbances that he would have in the past or perhaps it had something to with the new traumas he had experienced. It was likely both as Will was endlessly complex. Hopefully when he became more settled at Hannibal’s he would become less reluctant to sleep. He desperately needed sleep.

“We’ll see, Will,” Hannibal said simply.

They made it to the car, so Will could not respond to Hannibal's attempt to placate him.

"Han'buh car," Will squealed and nearly wiggled out of the chair. He flapped his hands in absolute joy. He was going to Hannibal's house with Hannibal. He was going home. Will felt like he could cry because he was so happy. He did not let the tears gall. He was not sad. He did not want Hannibal to think that he was sad.

"Hold still a moment, Darling," Hannibal told him. Nurse Terry was holding onto the back of Will's chair. Hannibal was going to lift him into the passenger's side. He could not do that, however, if Will was squirming about.

"I sorry," Will said. He held his body tighter to hold the movement in. It felt bad, but he held as still as possible as Hannibal lifted him from under the armpits and placed him into the car. Hannibal lifted him like he was nothing. It felt kind of nice. Hannibal was so strong.

"No apologies needed," Hannibal said as he buckled the boy in. Will did not protest the restraint this time, thankfully.

"Good bye, Will," Nurse Terry said, waving at the boy with a fond smile. "You have the best night."

"'Kay. Bye bye," Will waved back. Nurse Terry then walked away.

"Ready to go home?" Hannibal asked although he already knew the answer.

"Yes, yes, yes. Pretty p'ease," Will begged, rubbing his chest as he rocked back and forth gently.

"Of course, Mylimas," Hannibal said, kissing the side of his head.

Will hummed happily and said "go home. Going home," to himself in celebration. He stuck his fingers in his mouth to suckle.

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"Here we are now, Mylimas," Hannibal said as he parked in his driveway. Will had nearly dozed during the thirty minute drive. He jerked his body whenever he nearly fell asleep. He would most definitely need a nap. It was only half past noon, and he would get overtired if he stayed up until bedtime. He did not bring those thoughts up as he knew that it would cause Will to protest.

"We home," Will said almost lovingly, looking at the house with wide, disbelieving eyes.

"Yes, Darling," Hannibal said, "would you like to go to your room?"

"Yeah," Will nodded. "Play with toys?"

"Of course," Hannibal said, exiting his car and going to the passenger's side to help Will out. He could not get the hand of using underarm crutches. So, he needed Hannibal to help him inside.

“Help, Han’buh,” Will asked because he was having trouble unbuckling his seatbelt.

“Come here now,” Hannibal said after he unbuckled the boy and shouldered the bags.

“Up?” Will asked, lifting his arms like a toddler wanting to be held.

Hannibal smiled and wordlessly lifted the boy onto a hip. He was still severely underweight so he was easier than normal to lift. As soon as he lifted the boy, he felt the burning at the back of his head like someone was watching him. He looked around for a moment but did not see anyone. That did not mean that someone was not there. He would get into his home as fast as possible and make sure all entrances were secure without Will noticing. He did not want to make Will anxious.

Hannibal calmly walked into his house. He then sat Will on the couch and the bags beside the couch. He would unpack and deal with them later. He pulled Will’s beloved blanket out of his bag.

“My b’ankie,” Will said, reaching out for the comfort item.

“Here you are,” Hannibal wrapped the fuzzy blanket around Will’s shoulders. Will made a noise of happiness as he wrapped his blankie tighter around him and his teddy.

“Go to my room and play,” Will said, “please.”

“I could never deny you, Will,” Hannibal told him, and it was true. Hannibal lifted the boy onto his hip to carry him up the stairs to his room. It was the same room that he stayed in when he was recovering from encephalitis and was still too sick to go home by himself. At the time, he was reluctant to stay, but he did anyway. He eventually got comfortable and even stayed over a few times once he was fully recovered. Maybe that was why Will felt so comfortable in Hannibal’s home while he was regressed. Regressed Will truly felt like this was home. Not much had changed aside from the toy box that held the toys Hannibal bought for him.

As Hannibal entered the boy’s room, Will stuck his thumb back into his mouth to suckle on. He whimpered when Hannibal pulled the digit out of his mouth.

“I’m sorry, Will,” Hannibal apologized as he put Will on his bed. He kneeled down so that he could look at the boy in his eyes. “But I don’t want you nursing your fingers anymore. Your hands aren’t clean and sucking on them can cause you to get sick.”

“Sick?” Will asked. He did not want to get sick, but it felt nice to suck his thumb. Good. Comforting. He attempted to explain this to Hannibal, but he could not. “But… but… but,” Will whimpered and bowed his head. He suddenly felt the large urge to suck his thumb, but he pushed down that urge. Hannibal said no.

“Close your eyes, Darling,” was all Hannibal said.

“Why?” Will asked, looking up with confusion in his eyes.

“I have a surprise,” Hannibal said in a quiet voice as if he was telling a secret.

Will's eyes widened in wonder. "A good surprise?"

"A very good surprise," Hannibal said, putting emphasis on very.

Will immediately closed his eyes tight before crackling one eye open. Hannibal was standing now. He was close to the bedside table, but he was still looking at him. Will gasped and closed his eyes again. He then cracked open his eye again.

"No peeking, you cheeky boy," Hannibal said with a fond smile. "It'll ruin the surprise."

This time Will put both of his hands over his eyes with a giggle. He heard Hannibal's quiet footsteps go further away from him before a drawer opened. The drawer then closed and Hannibal's footsteps got closer again. Will wanted to open his eyes so bad, but he did not. He was a good boy, wondering what Hannibal got for him. Was it a really cool toy? Or another stuffie. Anything that Hannibal got him, Will was sure it would be great.

"Open your mouth," Hannibal told him once he was close.

Will hesitated just a moment before opening his mouth. When he did, Hannibal put something rubbery and smooth in his mouth. Will made a confused face, eyebrows drawn and a frown on his lips. He suckled and felt something hard against his lips.

"Open your eyes, Dear Boy," Hannibal ordered as he petted his hair.

Will did as he was told, his eyes crossing to attempt to see what Hannibal put in his mouth. "A binky?" Will asked. It was nice to suckle on, Will realized after giving his new binky a few experimental sucks. It was not as good as his thumb, but it would be good enough. Especially since he now had both of his hands free. He could play better. But still, he had one protest- "I not a baby."

Hannibal was a bit surprised by the protest. Will had yet to protest any of Hannibal's babying or coddling. Then again, this was the most infantile object that Hannibal introduced. It would be appropriate for any young toddler to not want anything that was too little in their eyes. It was obvious that the boy liked the pacifier as he had yet to spit it out and was suckling on it, however. So, Hannibal said, "Of course you're not, but you don't have to be a baby to want a pacifier."

"Don't?" Will said past the pacifier. He did not want to take it out. Maybe it would not be too bad.

"No, you are not a baby. Just my darling boy," Hannibal said, tickling Will's sides, causing the boy to giggle.

"No, no, Hanni'," Will giggled, pulling Hannibal's hands away from him. "I play now?"

"Yes, let's see your new toys," Hannibal said, picking up the boy and sitting with him on the floor close to the toy box.

"I open?" Will asked.

Hannibal nodded with a, “go ahead.”

With permission, Will did not hesitate to open the top of the toy chest. There were lots and lots of cool toys. Hannibal put them in separate clear containers so that they stayed organized. Hannibal liked things to be clean.

Will pushed himself onto his knees so that he could more easily look into the box. He dug through the toys, trying to find something to play with. He did not think he could do it.

“Lots a toys,” Will said with a nervous lit to his voice.

“Would you like some help choosing?” Hannibal asked, knowing that limiting choices would make the act less overwhelming.

“Yeah, please,” Will nodded.

Hannibal picked three toys. A magnetic fishing game, building blocks, and a train set were his choices.

Will looked between his choices for a moment before smiling behind his pacifier and pointed to the trains. "Want choo choo trains."

Hannibal smiled, not surprised that trains were Will's choice. Train toys were tied to his best childhood memory. During a session, he asked if any of his memories from childhood did not end in tragedy.

He told him a story of him and his father (Daddy, Will called him) playing with a train set when he was five. Hannibal asked why that was his best memory.

"Daddy was always so nervous because of Mama. She was… unpredictable with her emotions and actions before she left. That week, we didn't have to worry about her because she was out of town. It was the first and one of the only times that I saw Daddy so free." Will had smiled fondly at the memories.

In the present, Hannibal smiled and said, "let's play with your trains then."

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Will played with the train set for over thirty minutes before he started yawning widely and rubbing his tired eyes. Poor baby was getting so tired. Even his cheeks were becoming slightly flushed. Hannibal was about to tell Will it was time to rest when Will said "Hanni?"

"Yes, Mylimas?" Hannibal asked, hoping that Will would say that he was sleepy.

"My foot hurt," Will whined, holding onto his casted leg.

Hannibal checked the time on his wristwatch. It was nearly time for him to take his pain medication. The pain medication would make it nearly impossible for Will to stay awake. So, medication then rest time.

"Let's tidy up and I'll get you your medicine. Then, I think it's time to rest."

Will whined, scrubbing his eyes, "no nap, Hanni."

"No, you do not have to take a nap," Hannibal said although he knew that Will would fall asleep. "But all little boys need time to rest their bodies."

"Kay," Will said, helping Hannibal put away his trains. "Play after rest?" the boy asked.

"Of course, Little One," Hannibal said. "Now, let's get you in bed."

Will lifted his arms without hesitation. Hannibal pulled the boy up and lifted him up. He then put Will on his bed and handed him his teddy. He covered him with the comforter.

"I'm going to get your medication and water. I will be right back," Hannibal told him before he left the room.

Hannibal only took a couple of minutes to retrieve the pills and bottle of water. When he reentered the room, Will was on his side babbling to his teddy bear.

Will looked up when he heard Hannibal enter the room. "Hi, Hanni," Will said as he smiled lovingly behind his binky. He loved his Hanni.

"Hello, Little One," Hannibal smiled back. He sat on the bed and helped Will take his medicine. "Good boy."

"Hanni, read a me, p'ease," Will asked as he laid back down.

"Of course, Darling," Hannibal said, picking out two of Will's favorite books. He would likely be asleep before the end of the first story.

Hannibal laid down next to Will on his bed. Will wasted no time cuddling up to Hannibal's side with his teddy to his chest.

Hannibal was right. It did not take long for Will to fall asleep. He took a moment to admire Will's peaceful face. The pacifier was still firmly in his mouth and his face was soft and relaxed. His facial hair had yet to start growing back, making him look all the younger. He looked absolutely beautiful.

…

Hannibal was able to tear himself away from his boy and went to his study. It was just down the hall from the boy's room. When he woke, Hannibal would hear him.

It was just past 3 when he received a phone call. It was Jack.

"Hello?" Hannibal answered.

"We got them, Hannibal," Jack said with an air of contentment and pride in his tone. "The bastards who hurt Will are being processed as we speak."

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Jack somes over for dinner.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"We got them. The bastards that hurt Will are being processed as we speak."

Hannibal could not help the wide, dark grin that broke out on his face. Crawford and his team did step one of his plans to bring those monsters to justice. Now, he just had to take over.

"That is great news," Hannibal said.

"Better news, they're pleading guilty," Jack said, "so, no trial, and we don't have to worry about dragging Will into anything."

"A wise choice amongst them," Hannibal said. A wise choice indeed.

"How is Will settling back in?" Jack asked. He sounded genuine.

"Swimmingly," Hannibal responded, simply explaining "he played for a while and is currently napping."

"It's good to hear that he is settling in. I know how much he hates hospitals."

"He would not stop asking when we were going home," Hannibal explained with a fond smile.

"I bet. Sorry I couldn't visit him again. I got too busy with work."

"That's quite alright," Hannibal accepted the apology. "Perhaps you could come over for dinner tonight."

"Are you sure?" Jack asked. He sounded hesitant. "I know that he's still settling."

"Yes, he is settling," Hannibal agreed, "but he has been asking about you because he wants to see you." It was not a lie. Will had asked about "Mister Jack" a few times in his 5 day hospital stay. He even asked about "'lana" though he did not ask when he would see her again like he did with Jack.

"Alright then. Same time," Jack asked.

"Yes. 6:30 as always," Hannibal told him. "I will see you then."

"See you."

They hung up.

…

It was nearly four when Hannibal heard Will's quiet cries from his room. "H-Hanni. Hanni!" Hannibal heard Will shout out the nickname he had given him. Hannibal loved it. It was adorable.

Hannibal rushed into the room. Will was sitting up in bed with his blanket pooled around his lap. His pacifier was on his lap as well. Likely it fell due to his open mouth sobs. Tears streamed down his flushed face. He was shaking in his upset.

As soon as Hannibal entered the room, Will lifted his arms toward the man. "Hanni, I stuck. I stuck. Help me," Will sobbed.

"Shh, shh," Hannibal cooed as he lifted the boy up into his hip. Will rested his head on Hannibal's chest and continued to cry for a few minutes. "Did you have a bad dream?"

"No," Will sniffled, wiping his nose with his sleeve. Hannibal made a disgusted face, helping Will dry his face with a tissue. "Just wanted Hanni."

"Well, you have me now, Sweet Boy," Hannibal told him, sitting on the bed and rubbing the boy's back.

"Hanni," Will said lovingly, hugging around Hannibal's shoulders.

"My Sweet Boy," Hannibal held the back of the boy's head and kissed the boy's temple.

For a few minutes, they stayed like that, Will slept warm cuddling against his chest.

"Hanni?" Will asked.

"Yes, Dear?" Hannibal asked, rubbing his back again as he looked down at his boy.

"Um, I-I gotta go potty," Will whispered as if telling a secret. He blushed light pink and squirmed on Hannibal's lap.

Unfortunately for Will, he needed help going "potty" as he said. The poor boy could not stand on his own. Even if he could, he had trouble pulling down his pants and underwear. He was so embarrassed when he needed to ask for help. He adamantly refused to let any of the nurses help him to the point one male nurse threatened to catheterize him. Will had sobbed and begged Hannibal to help him.

"Alright, let's go then," Hannibal said, standing with the boy still attached to him. He placed the boy down on his feet. Will held onto the sink as Hannibal pulled down his sweatpants and underwear. He then helped Will sit down on the toilet and turned his back to afford some privacy. Hannibal did it with clinical detachment. Like Will was just his patient. He knew that helped Will not be too embarrassed.

Hannibal heard Will urinate and tear off toilet paper to wipe. "All done," Will whispered after a couple of seconds.

"Let's stand you up then," Hannibal told him. He helped the boy stand up from under his armpits and pulled up the boy's pants. Will breathed a sigh of relief at being covered again.

“Wash hands,” Will rubbed his hands together.

“Yes, Darling,” Hannibal answered, helping the boy to the sink to wash both their hands.

“What would you like to do now?” Hannibal asked after they dried their hands. Hannibal lifted the boy back up.

“Just hold me,” Will said, burying his face in Hannibal’s shoulder and hugging him around the shoulders. He was still very sleepy. He just wanted to cuddle.

It was more of a demand, but Hannibal still answered, “of course, Darling,” Hannibal walked out of the bathroom. He picked up Will’s blankie, teddy, and pacifier before heading downstairs with the boy.

“My binky,” Will whined, opening his mouth to accept his binky.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. He sat down on the couch with the boy in his lap. He covered the boy’s shoulders with his blanket before asking “What do you say?”

“P’ease,” Will said, extending his ‘e’. He gave Hannibal his puppy dog eyes with a slight pout. “Want binky. Pretty p’ease.”

Hannibal could not help but chuckle. Will smiled back. “Here you are, you cheeky boy,” Hannibal said, pressing the pacifier into the boy’s mouth. Will immediately took his binky to suckle on. Yeah, his binky was better than his thumb. He snuggled into his Hanni’s chest. Hanni was so warm and comfy. His heartbeat was comforting under his ear. So, so nice. He loved being with Hanni. His Hanni.

“I love you, Hanni,” Will said, rubbing his hand over the man’s shirt. The binky made his words sound more like ‘I wode ‘oo, Hanni.’

Hannibal was not surprised by the admission. He knew that Will loved him as much as Hannibal loved him even if he did not realize it before he was taken. Still, the words made Hannibal’s chest feel warm.

“I love you too, my perfect boy,” Hannibal kissed the top of his boy’s head. “My Mylimas.”

Will giggled sleepily.

“So, Jack is going to come over for dinner,” Hannibal said, watching Will for his reaction. If he seemed nervous, Hannibal could call to reschedule.

“Jack?” Will asked. He then smiled. “Jack come over. When?” Will looked around as if expecting Jack to appear out of nowhere.

“Right before dinner. Around 6,” Hannibal answered.

“It four,” Will told him, pointing to the clock on the wall. “Two hours.”

“That’s correct, brilliant boy,” Hannibal smiled, running a hand through Will’s hair. “What would you like for dinner, Darling?”

“I don’ know,” Will shrugged. “What Jack like?”

Hannibal thought for a moment. “He likes pasta.”

“Has pa’ta den,” Will said with a nod before settling back down.

“What a generous boy,” Hannibal rubbed the boy’s back, thinking on what type of pasta all three of them would like and would be safe for Will’s stomach.

…

Will flinched when he heard heavy knocking on the door. Hannibal set him up at one of his metal tables in the kitchen. He was doing a puzzle while Hannibal cooked. He said he was almost done when Will last asked.

“Don’t fret, Darling Boy. It’s probably just Jack,” Hannibal said, ruffling the boy’s hair. “I’ll go get the door.”

“Kay,” Will said, tapping his thumb to his lips. He was not suckling on his binky right now. He did not want it about an hour after having it in his mouth. He now wished he had it. He was not scared of Jack, but he was nervous to see another person that was not Hannibal.

“It smells good,” Will heard Jack’s booming voice. He heard two sets of footsteps coming toward the kitchen.

“H-hi, Jack,” Will stammered once they entered the kitchen. He looked up for only a moment before looking down.

There was a moment of hesitation before Jack approached him and sat down across from him.

“Hey there, Will,” Jack greeted, “what’re doing, Buddy?”

“I doin’ puzzle,” Will said, gesturing to the puzzle. It was supposed to be a picture of puppies in the snow. He was nearly finished with it. “It’s a big puzzle. Hanni say that smart boys do big puzzles.”

“And you’re doing it because you’re a smart boy,” Jack said with a smile. It was not a free smile like the ones Hannibal would give him. It was tighter but no less genuine. Like he was nervous too. Jack was never nervous though. He always knew what to do. That was at work though. This was not work. He did not know what to do right now. Will didn't really know what to do right now either. Will looked at Hannibal. He knew that Hannibal knew what to do. That put him at ease.

So, he let his body take over, and he smiled big and bright to show Jack that he was happy to see him. Because he was. “Yeah!” Will exclaimed, looking up at Jack’s surprised face. He did not meet Jack’s eyes but looked at his lips. “Been- been doin’ it since Hanni play his piano.”

“It’s a harpsichord, Darling,” Hannibal corrected as he put the finishing touches on the sauce of the dish.

“Harps’chord,” Will corrected himself as he put another piece of the puzzle together.

“Would you like me to help you?” Jack asked.

“Yeah,” Will nodded without hesitation. He wanted to play with Jack.

They continued to put together the puzzle in silence while Hannibal finished the food.

“We all done,” Will smiled with a giggle and a clap. “Look, Hanni, we all done!”

“Good job, My Boy,” Hannibal said, wrapping an arm around his shoulders. Will rested his head on his shoulder. “My smart boy.” Hannibal ruffled his hair. He then turned his attention to Jack. “Would you like to bring the food into the dinning room?” Hannibal asked. Then he said by way of explanation, “Will is unable to walk.”

“No crutches or wheelchair?” Jack asked with confusion on his face.

“He could not get a handle on the crutches. I’ll keep working with him on using them,” Hannibal started to explain as he lifted the boy up. Will made a disgusted look at that last sentence. He would not really. He loved holding and carrying Will far too much. He could handle carrying Will for the next few weeks. He was nowhere near as heavy as the deadweight of the people he killed. “And a wheelchair would be impractical in this house due to the stairs.”

Jack nodded at the explanation, carrying the pot of noodles and bread into the dinning room.

“Are you ready to eat?” Hannibal asked the boy in his arms. Will simply nodded. He did not feel hungry. He never did. Hannibal, however, said that it was important for him to eat even if he did not. His tummy was confused right now and would not feel hungry even if it should.

Hannibal then put him onto a chair and served him a plate. He said a bunch of words that meant chicken and spinach alfredo, bread, and side salad. Will immediately gobbled up his bread as Hannibal and Jack started talking. It was grown up talk that Will was not very much interested in.

“More,” Will asked, tapping his fingers together. He still was not hungry but the bread tasted good.

Hannibal looked at his still mostly full plate and said, “finish your plate before you get seconds.”

Will huffed, but picked up his fork. He got better at feeding himself when he was at the hospital. He still liked it when Hannibal fed him, but he was not going to ask this time. Jack was here.

Will ate all of his pasta and a few bits of the salad before he started to feel full. He wanted to keep eating because of the promise, but he knew that he could not. He did not want to feel

sick. So, he put his fork down.

“I all done,” Will announced.

“Alright, Little One, wait just a moment and we’ll go to the living room,” Hannibal told him. Will nodded, still not paying attention to the conversation that Jack and Hannibal were having.

…

“Jack got to leave?” Will asked with a slight pout. Jack, Hannibal, and him were just playing with cars as Finding Nemo was playing in the background. Jack leaving after the movie ended came as a surprise to Will. He knew he had to leave at some point. It felt like he just got there though.

“Yes, Darling,” Hannibal explained, “it’s time for everyone to get ready for bed.”

“Oh,” Will muttered, tapping his thumb against his lips, “bye, bye, Jack.” Will waved.

“Bye, Buddy,” Jack said before Hannibal led him to the door.

Hannibal came back into the living room and asked “do you want to clean up your cars and watch another movie?”

Will smiled with a nod, all of his upset forgotten about. “Yeah.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Will has a nightmare and wets the bed.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Will has a nightmare.

Chapter Notes

TW- Will's nightmare depicts rape. It is not graphic. It also has transphobia and misgendering. If that is something you are not in the headspace to handle, skip the dotted lines.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Thankfully, Will did not fight too hard about going to sleep. They watched a movie, then they went to his room. Hannibal had him take his last pain pill for the night. Then, he left the room.

“Where you goin’,” Will nearly slurred with his eyes only cracked open. He was laying down with the covers up to his shoulders. He held onto his blankie and teddy to his chest with his pacifier to his mouth.

“I’m going to get something for you. I’ll be right back,” Hannibal promised.

“Kay,” Will nodded tiredly, snuggling back down into his covers.

“Good boy.”

Hannibal went down stairs and quickly made a warm bottle of milk. Hopefully, it would help the boy sleep through the night.

“What you got?” Will asked, squinting in the dimly lit room. He could tell that Hannibal was holding something, but he could not tell what.

Hannibal did not answer. He came toward his bed and he said, “close your eyes.”

Will did not hesitate to close his eyes this time. Last time he closed his eyes, Hannibal gave him a really good surprise. It had to be a good surprise again. He felt the bed dip and Hannibal dragged him to his chest. Instantly, Will snuggled into his Hanni’s chest.

Will felt Hannibal take his binky out of his mouth. The boy whimpered, “my binky.” He did not open his eyes because Hannibal said to close them.

“Hush now, Darling,” Hannibal cooed, running a hand through the boy’s hair. Will felt something on his lips. He opened his mouth and something entered his mouth. It almost felt like his binky but not quiet. Will suckled, and warm milk flooded his mouth and he swallowed. Will hummed and suckled faster. It was really nice. It made him feel even smaller than he had been feeling these past few… however long he had been- what did Hannibal call it? Will could not remember. But he knew that he felt younger. It was nice. Made him feel safe.

“There you are, Little One,” Hannibal cooed, kissing the top of his head and brushing his thumb over his cheek. “Drink all your bottle so you can go to ni ni.”

“Ni,” Will muttered around the nipple. His eyes were still closed. He did not have the energy to open them again.

“All done, Darling Boy,” Hannibal told him with he was just suckling in air, taking the bottle out of his mouth.

“Naw,” Will whimpered, shaking his head and reaching out to try and get the bottle back. It was his bottle now.

“It’s all gone, Sweet Boy,” Hannibal said more firmly as he put the pacifier back in the boy’s mouth. His boy started suckling on it right away and calmed back down, snuggling into Hannibal's chest.

Hannibal then started to speak Lithuanian into the boy’s ear while rubbing the boy’s hair. It was once again soothing nothingness. Truly gibberish but it helped calm the boy. His boy was asleep in no time.

Hannibal stayed in bed for a few more minutes to make sure that Will was in a deep enough sleep that when he moved he would stay asleep. He then got up and started his own bedtime routine.

…nightmare…

Will woke up in excruciating pain. His whole body hurt and felt heavy. So, so heavy. He could feel that he was on the cool concrete floor. He must have passed out… again.

“I think he’s waking up.”

Will’s heart froze. He forced himself to take deep breaths even though his ribs screamed at him. He had to look like he was still asleep. Maybe if he played dead long enough they would leave him alone. Like a bear. It did not work often but when it did it was an absolute relief.

One of the men kicked him in the ribs and Will could not help the short whimper that escaped his lips. He bit the inside of his cheek so hard that he tasted the coopery tang of blood. He did not care. Anything to make them go away. He had to look as still as possible.

Then, he realized that he should not be there. He was with Hannibal. He was supposed to be at Hannibal’s house. Hannibal put him to sleep in a soft, warm comfy bed with his blankie,

teddy, and binky. He should not be here. Not here. Not here. He killed the bad man. Stabbed him. Jack said that he was not in trouble for that. Jack said that he got the other men. They were in jail.

He shouldn't be here!

This was a bad place. He did not want to be in the bad place anymore. He wanted to be at Hannibal's. Hannibal's was a good place. He wanted to be in a good place.

He did not realize that his breath started to get faster until he was kicked on the side of the head. Will whimpered again and he grimaced as pain exploded in his head.

"Dumb pig. When will you learn that playing opossum doesn't work," the bad man smeared in his ear. Will knew that the jig was up, but he still did not open his eyes. He knew what he would see. The plain concrete ceiling with a barred up sky window that was too high up to reach even if he tried. The men standing over him with dark, scary eyes. He could feel the chains on his ankle. He did not want to open his eyes. He did, however, turn his head away from the bad man so that he did not have to smell the alcohol on his breath. It reminded him of Daddy's breath after Mama left. Daddy never hit him, but he would yell and throw things. That was scary.

"Well, since you're awake," the bad man said as Will heard him stand up. "We can finish what we started."

Will knew what he meant. "No," Will whimpered. He held onto the hem of his jeans. He, however, was too weak to fight the four pairs of hands on him. Two of the men held onto his wrists so tight above his head. His wrists were already raw so it burned.

Will hated himself for almost instantly starting to cry. He could not help it. He was so scared. He did not want them to touch him down there again. It hurt so bad.

"Little bitch never learns. Does she?" Sammy sneered. Will could hear the smirk in his voice as they successfully pulled down his pants and boxers.

'She.' They've been calling him that since they learned he did not have boy parts. It used to make him mad. So, so mad. Now, it just upset him all the more. He could not do anything about it as it would simply cause more jeering. So, he tried his best to ignore it.

"No, no. P'ease" Will begged. He pulled his leg back. He was not strong enough to escape their hands. He never was.

He had no idea who got on top of him, but he was smaller than the bad man. So, probably Dan. Dan, however, was bigger than him both in height and weight. He could not breathe with the man on top of him. Will stopped struggling. Struggling made it hurt so much worse. Tears fell down his face. He did not want to be hurt anymore.

Hannibal. He wanted Hannibal. Where was his Hanni? His Hanni should be able to help him. He shouldn't be here.

“Who knew the little piggy could be so pathetic?”

“They all are.”

Will felt Dan enter him. It hurt. Will instantly started to sob. He knew that they liked that. Liked that they could hurt him. Liked that they had broken him enough to cry and scream.

“P’ease, p’ease, p’ease, p’ease, p’ease, p’ease, p’ease, p’ease, p’ease. Stop p’ease. I be good. I be good. P’ease, p’ease, p’ease…”

…

Hannibal jolted awake with a racing heart. He had no idea what had woken him up at first. Then he heard a blood curdling scream. Will. Will was screaming.

The man was up in an instant. He threw his blankets off of him and practically ran to Will’s room. Thankfully, he was only one door away.

Will was still screaming when he entered the room and turned on the light. He was not fighting against his sheets like Hannibal almost expected him. He was frozen- arms stiff above his head and his legs were still underneath his blankets.

“Will, it’s time to wake up,” Hannibal said as he uncovered the sweaty boy. As soon as he was uncovered Hannibal realized that there was a large, wet patch that was not due to the sweat. Will wetting the bed was not an unpredicted or unfortunate consequence of giving him a full bottle of milk right before he fell asleep. He, however, would deal with that once Will was calm.

Hannibal gently rubbed the boy’s forehead to try and wake him up peacefully. The second that Hannibal touched his forehead, Will gasped and his eyes flew open. Wide and haunted.

“No!” Will screeched, sitting up and scrambling as far from Hannibal as possible while remaining in the bed. “No, no, p’ease. No hurt. I wan’ I wan’-” Will’s words gave way to sobs. They were once again quiet. So quiet that Hannibal was afraid that he would not have heard it if Will woke up and simply cried. He realized that he would need to find a solution as he kneeled by the edge of the bed.

“Will,” Hannibal said quietly in an attempt to not scare the poor boy. Unfortunately, Will whimpered and curled up so tight it looked nearly painful. “It’s Hanni. Hanni will not hurt you,” Hannibal said, not touching Will yet as he knew that it would likely cause Will to panic again.

Hannibal continued to say soothing nothingness in both English and Lithuanian until Will lifted his head. “Hanni?” he said, looking at the man with tear-filled eyes.

“Right here, Darling,” Hannibal said, holding out his arms for the boy. “Would you like to come to me?”

Will nodded, squirming on his hands and knees so that he could crawl to Hannibal. One of his hands landed in the wet spot. His eyes widened in realization. He immediately started to

sob again. “I sorry. I sorry.”

“No need to apologize,” Hannibal said, pulling the now squirming boy to his chest. “It was not your fault. Let’s go change you into something dry and comfortable.”

“Kay,” Will said with a sniffle, still feeling scared, but being with Hannibal made him feel better. The bad men could not get him when Hannibal was there. Hannibal was not even mad or yelling that he wet.

“You need to stand for a moment,” Hannibal said.

Will stood on shaky legs and held onto the counter. Hannibal pulled down his boxers. Will whimpered as he felt the wetness being pulled down his legs. “Yucky,” he whined.

“I’m sorry,” Hannibal apologized as he helped sit Will down on the closed toilet lid. “I’m going to clean you up.”

“C-clean up?” Will stuttered nervously. Hannibal explained that he was going to get a warm, soapy rag to clean him down there. Then, he would get a clean, wet rag then dry him off. “O-o-okay,” Will agreed though he covered his genitals with his dry shirt. Hannibal allowed him, knowing that the poor boy was uncomfortable.

“You’re going to need to move your hands, Sweet Boy,” Hannibal said gently.

Will whimpered but moved his hands to his chest. Hannibal did not comment when Will started to suck his thumb as he began to clean the boy. He did it as quickly and softly as possible.

“All done,” Will suddenly said before Hannibal had the chance to dry him. He pulled his shirt down again.

“Alright, Mylimas,” Hannibal said, not wanting to push the boy too far. At least not with this. He kneeled on the hard tile so that he could look Will in the face.

“Hanni,” Will whimpered, hugging Hannibal around the neck. Hannibal hugged back without hesitation.

He did not pull back as he said, “I would like to try something.”

“I tired,” Will said with a sniffle. He just wanted to go back to sleep. Maybe he could convince Hannibal to stay, but he was too tired to try anything.

“I know, Darling,” Hannibal sympathized, pulling back from his boy so he could look at him in the eyes. Will looked away, but Hannibal still continued, “I would like to try putting some protection on you.”

“‘tection,” Will said with confusion in his tone.

Hannibal sighed quietly, realizing that he would have to be more direct. “I mean diapers.”

“Notta baby,” Will protested instantly and squirmed.

If it were not three in the morning, Hannibal would be more willing to talk Will through why he should wear diapers to bed. They, however, were both tired and all Hannibal wanted to do was go back to bed. He knew that Will just wanted to go back to bed as well.

“Don’t you want to go to bed?” Hannibal asked.

“I tired,” Will nodded in agreement. He pouted. He knew what his Hanni was trying to do. No fair.

“As am I,” Hannibal said, “and I doubt you want to wake up in a puddle again.”

“No,” Will sobbed, hanging his head as he started to cry again.

“Oh, my poor darling boy,” Hannibal cooed, pulling him back into a hug. “Then lets get into a diaper and get you back to bed.”

“Kay,” Will nodded.

“Do calm. There is nothing to be ashamed of,” Hannibal told him. Will hiccupped as Hannibal pulled him back. He laid down a towel. He then helped the boy lay down and pulled a diaper out of the under sink storage. Will covered his now beet red face with his hands.

“I need your help, Darling,” Hannibal said, “lift your hips.”

Will hesitated a moment before lifting his hips up only an inch off the ground.

“Good boy,” Hannibal praised, sliding the diaper under his bum. He then taped the diaper snuggly around his hips. “There you are. Come here.” Hannibal lifted the boy up to carry him back to bed. Will held onto him tightly, whimpering at the crinkle from the movement.

“Shh. Let’s get you back to bed,” Hannibal ran his hands through his hair.

“Bed,” Will agreed.

Hannibal walked back into the boy’s room. He knew that there was no way that Will would let him go for long enough to change the sheets. At least not without Will getting upset yet again. So, Hannibal asked, “would you like to sleep in my bed for the rest of the night?”

“With Hanni?” Will asked, still not looking at the man.

“Yes, with Hanni,” Hannibal agreed. He picked up his teddy and pacifier. Unfortunately, his blanket was soaked. “Here you are.” He handed Will the teddy bear and pacifier. Will held the teddy to his chest and put the pacifier in his mouth.

“My blankie?” Will asked.

“Sorry,” Hannibal apologized. “Your blanket is soaked.”

“No,” Will whimpered, “I wan’ my b’ankie right now.”

Normally, Hannibal would have scolded the little boy for his petulant words and tone. Right now, they were both too tired, and Will just wanted some sort of control after his nightmare and diapering. Scolding him would just escalate the situation and prevent them from sleeping even longer.

“Shh,” Hannibal said once again as he walked to his room. “I know, Mylimas. I’ll get you a blankie in my room.”

“No, no. Wan’ my b’ankie,” Will said with a whine. Tears escaping his eyes again.

“Shh.”

Hannibal sat on his bed with his back to the headboard and his little boy on his lap. He covered the upset boy with his comforter, rocking back and forth gently and rubbing his back. He whispered in his ear in an attempt to calm him.

“My b’ankie. My b’ankie,” Will said over and over as if his heart was broken. Which was quite possible with Will's current headspace. He continued to beg for his blanket until he was too tired to keep talking. Hannibal held him through it, knowing that there was nothing that he could say or do until Will was all done crying.

He ended up crying himself back to sleep.

Hannibal kissed the crown of his boy’s head. “My poor baby.” Hannibal continued to hold him for a few more long moments. He then laid the boy down on the bed. Will whimpered in his sleep, reaching out for Hannibal. Hannibal hushed him, running his fingers through his hair until he settled again.

Hannibal then stood to put Will’s bedding in the washing. It was four in the morning before Hannibal was able to go back to bed. When he did, he gathered his boy to his chest. He fell asleep with Will in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Freddie makes her gravest mistake.

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Will tries his diapers. Slightly manipulative Hannibal. 😈😈

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal groaned and stretched as he woke up due to his alarm blaring. He hit his alarm clock to turn it off without opening his eyes. He then placed his arm back around Will. The boy rolled over with a grumpy moan to thump his head on the man's chest.

"Awake, Darling?" Hannibal asked, rubbing his back.

"Uh-hu," Will grumbled, shaking his head.

"Alright," Hannibal said, holding Will a bit tighter to calm his boy. Will sighed happily and snuggled deeper into the man. "You can't get any closer."

Will made a noise of protest as he wiggled impossibly closer and wrapped his arm around Hannibal's waist. Hannibal chuckled at Will's actions, playing with his hair. Hannibal could feel Will smile against his chest.

"We must get up soon, Darling Boy," Hannibal told him after a few more minutes of cuddling.

"No," Will shook his head. He did not want to get up yet. He was comfy and warm and still sleepy because the bad noise woke him up. He wanted to go back ni ni even though he could see the sunlight piercing through the windows even when his eyes were closed.

"Yes, we need to get breakfast so you can take your medicine," Hannibal explained.

"No," Will shook his head.

"Do you want your foot to hurt?" Hannibal asked. He would only need the medication for a few more days thankfully. He, however, knew that Will would need them soon. He did not want the poor boy to be in pain.

"No, Hanni," Will shook his head again. "No owwie."

"Then let's get up."

Will huffed but loosened his hold on the man so he could get up. Will sat up in bed while he held his teddy to his chest, not even noticing the crinkle of his diaper. He did, however, notice that he was wet. The boy whimpered, scrubbing at his eyes.

“What’s wrong, Mylimas?” Hannibal asked.

Will did not answer, too embarrassed by his accident. He did lift his arms so that Hannibal would hold him. “Hode me,” Will said, leaning toward the man.

“Come, Darling,” Hannibal said, picking the boy up. He subtly checked the boy’s diaper. It was wet. “Oh, I understand why you're upset. Let’s get you changed.”

“Kay,” Will nodded, blushing hard.

Hannibal noticed and rubbed his back, saying “there is no need for embarrassment. All little boys have accidents sometimes. Though I do think we should continue.”

Will knew exactly what he meant. He gulped. “Why?” He did not know if he wanted to wear diapers anymore. They were kind of comfortable and soothing even when it was wet, but he was not a baby. He did not want Hannibal to think that he was a baby.

“Because, we don’t want you to have an accident, do you?” Hannibal asked as he started to walk towards Will’s room.

“I hasn’t,” Will argued. He fidgeted with his shirt and the ear of his teddy bear.

“You just had two,” Hannibal said with a raised eyebrow.

“But I was- I-I was s’eepin’,” Will pointed out. “I wear diaper when s’eepin’?”

Under normal circumstances, Hannibal would have conceded to the compromise. These, however, were not normal circumstances. This was Will, and he knew exactly how he wanted the boy. His boy. He wanted his boy to be completely dependent on him.

“This might be true,” Hannibal said, “but after these last accidents, we cannot be sure.”

“But- but,” Will stuttered, but he could not finish his protest when Hannibal continued.

“No buts, Will,” Hannibal said more firmly, causing Will to wilter. Hannibal sighed, putting his boy on the now clean bed. He kneeled by the bedside. The boy looked close to tears, lower lip wobbling and tense. Hannibal took on a gentler tone as he said, “plus, we know that you sometimes fall asleep without meaning to after taking your medication.”

“Yeah,” Will agreed, still looking reluctant.

“Good boy,” Hannibal said, kissing the top of his head. “Lay down for me, Little One.”

“Kay,” Will nodded, laying back on his pillows. Will fidgeted with his teddy nervously. Hannibal continued to talk about the benefits of Will wearing a diaper. One of his points

being that he would not have to ask Hannibal to go potty every few hours. That… actually sounded kind of nice.

Eventually, he deviated from the topic of diapers when he noticed that Will was becoming extremely uncomfortable. He squirmed when Hannibal brought in the diaper and a change of clothes.

“It’s going to be alright, Darling. There is nothing wrong with you,” Hannibal assured, running his hand through his hair. Will relaxed at the assurance. There was silence for a few moments before Hannibal changed the subject. “What would you like for breakfast?” he said as pulled off his pants to undo his diaper.

“Eggies,” Will said with on hesitation.

“Protein scramble it is,” Hannibal told him as he started to put a fresh diaper on the boy. Will blushed. Pink and adorable. “What would you like to do after?”

“I play,” Will said with a smile. He rubbed his teddy on his chin to feel the fuzziness on his skin. It felt so nice.

“What would you like to play with?” Hannibal asked. He continued to dress the boy without Will paying attention.

“I pay with,” Will hummed, thinking for a moment. “I play with blocks.”

“That sounds great, My Boy,” Hannibal told him as he helped the boy sit up to change his shirt. He dressed him in a green shirt and dark gray joggers. He needed to be in something comfortable and easy to move in as he was still weak.

“Come now,” Hannibal said, picking up the boy. “Let’s go make breakfast.”

Will nodded, mouthing at his teddy.

“Do you want your pacifier?” Hannibal asked, bouncing the baby.

“Yeah,” Will nodded. “My binky.”

Hannibal quickly retrieved the pacifier to put it in the boy’s mouth.

“T’ank you, Hanni” Will said, cuddling into Hannibal’s chest as they walked into the living room. Hannibal placed him on the couch.

“I am going to get you something before starting breakfast, Mylimas,” Hannibal told him.

“Kay,” Will nodded, watching as he left the room. Will wished that he could see wherever Hannibal was going. “He be right back,” Will told his teddy as a way to assure himself, petting his teddy bear.

“Look what I have,” Hannibal announced cheerfully when he entered the room. Will’s head immediately snapped in Hannibal’s direction.

“My b’ankie!” Will exclaimed with a megawatt smile. He reached over to take the blanket.

“Here you are, Darling,” Hannibal said, wrapping the blanket around his shoulders. Will made a happy noise, snuggling into the fuzzy fabric.

Then, Will noticed the bottle in Hannibal’s hands. “My bottle?” The boy asked, reaching out more tentatively for the drink.

“Of course it’s yours. Lay back and you can drink,” Hannibal told him.

Will nodded, laying down on the couch and covering himself with his blanket. Hannibal handed him the bottle. Will smiled as he began to drink.

…

After breakfast (protein scrabble, cantaloupe, and orange juice that Hannibal helped him eat), Hannibal laid out a thin blanket so that he could play with his wooden blocks. Hannibal also gave him a sippy cup full of water- which he had filled up a couple of times. Due to the amount of liquid very badly had to use the bathroom a couple of hours after breakfast. It was bordering on painful.

He was tempted to ask Hannibal to take him to the bathroom. Hannibal was playing his harpsichord- which was really soothing. He had been for a while so maybe he could ask after Hannibal was done. He did not want to interrupt.

The longer that Hannibal played, however, the worse that Will needed to go. Then, he thought that he could just use the diaper. All of Hannibal’s good points came back to him. If he used the diaper then he would not be uncomfortable and he could go back to playing. Will squirmed nervously, however. He was not a baby. Only babies use diapers on purpose. But that’s what he thought about the binky, he thought as he rolled the binky around in his mouth. Now, he really liked his binky. Maybe it would be the same? Maybe. Even if he did not like it, he knew that Hannibal would change him right away. Like he did this morning. He never got mad when he had to take care of him.

Before he could stop it, a tiny bit of pee flowed out of him. Will whimpered and tensed to stop the flow. That really hurt. Tears flooded his eyes. He knew that he could not hold it anymore. Even if he did ask Hannibal to take him potty, he would not make it. Will took a shuddering breath before he relaxed and let go. He expected to feel gross and wet and want to cry. It did not feel that way. The diaper felt a bit more bulky and warm after, but he barely even noticed that it was wet after everything was absorbed.

Slowly, Will started to play again, not thinking about the damp diaper around his hips. Soon, he was once again giggling and playing with his blocks. Prince teddy was going to save princess froggy from the big meany kitty.

Of course, Hannibal noticed Will’s whimper and turned without stopping his playing. He was about to ask Will what was wrong when he noticed that the boy was obviously uncomfortable and squirming. He needed to go to the bathroom, that much was obvious. Hannibal did not say anything, knowing that eventually Will would let go. A few moments later, Hannibal

smelled the acidic smell of urine. He waited a moment more, expecting Will to be in distress. However, he heard Will started to play again. He turned to look at the boy, who was once again playing happily. If Will was not going to say anything about it, neither was Hannibal.

After two hours of practicing his harpsichord, Hannibal stood and walked over to the boy.

“Are you having fun, Mylimas?” Hannibal asked, kneeling down to the boy.

“Yeah,” Will said, squirming closer to the man. “Hanni?”

“Yes?”

“P’ay with me?” Will asked, tacking on a please at the end.

“Of course I will, Darling,” Hannibal told him, beginning to play to his little boy.

…

“Hanni?” Will asked with a yawn. It was nearing noon, and the poor boy was obviously starting to get tired. Hannibal could tell about thirty minutes ago. So, he sat Will up in the kitchen with a coloring book and started to make lunch. The boy would need to eat before he fell asleep.

“Yes, Mylimas?” Hannibal asked with a kind smile. The boy had lost interest in coloring and simply rested his head on his arms on the table.

“I tired,” Will said, rubbing his eyes.

“I know, I’m almost done with lunch. Then, we can change you and go ni ni. Okay?” Hannibal said.

“Kay,” Will nodded, scrubbing at his eyes again. He whined.

“Are your eyes bothering you?” Hannibal asked.

“No,” Will shook his head, “jus’ blurry.”

Hannibal nodded in understanding. Poor boy complained about his vision a few times these past few days. “Your glasses should be here by tomorrow,” Hannibal told him.

Will nodded, closing his eyes.

“Lunch time, Darling,” Hannibal said gently, moving his coloring book and crayons out of the way. Will opened his eyes and lifted his head.

“Mac’n’cheese?” Will asked as he looked at the small bowl in front of him.

“Yes, with broccoli,” Hannibal said, sitting down next to the boy. He would let the boy eat in the kitchen. “Open up,” Will did not hesitate to open his mouth, humming happily at the taste.

“Good?” Hannibal asked.

“Yeah,” Will nodded when he swallowed, opening his mouth again.

It did not take long for Will to get full. He did finish his entire bowl which Hannibal was happy about.

“Nap time?” Will asked after Hannibal wiped his face and lifted him onto his hip. Will did not hesitate to wrap his legs around Hannibal’s hips and his arms around his shoulders.

“Yes but let’s change you first,” Hannibal said, “you are quite wet.” It was obvious that Will used his diaper a few more times than just when he was playing that first time.

Will grumbled, holding onto Hannibal tighter as he carried him back to his room.

“You had a few accidents,” Hannibal said as he started to change the soaked diaper. He wiped Will’s diaper area with a wet wipe.

“No accidents,” Will argued petulantly, chewing on his binky and hiding his red face behind his teddy. He did not like the feeling of the wet wipe against his private parts, but it was better than having to wipe several times a day which he would have to do if he asked to go potty. Maybe the diaper was okay.

“No accidents?” Hannibal asked, “So you have used your diaper on purpose.” Hannibal knew the answer to the question. He wanted to hear Will say it.

“Yeah,” Will whispered, suddenly worried that Hannibal would punish him for using his diaper. At least using his diaper on purpose. After all, he did use the word ‘accident’ all the time. It was not an accident if he did it on purpose. His tummy suddenly felt sick, “I sorry.”

“There is no need to apologize,” Hannibal told him as he tapped on a fresh diaper. “You are not in trouble for using your diaper for its intended purposes. There is nothing wrong with liking your diapers.”

Will wanted to argue that he did not like his diapers. It was just easier than asking to go potty every hour. But he was too tired. He just wanted to take a nap.

“Nap time,” Will whined with a sniffle.

“Of course, Darling Boy,” Hannibal told him, running a hand through his hair. He offered to let Will sleep in the living room where Hannibal would be for the next few hours. “Perhaps I can turn on a cartoon.”

“Blue Clues?” Will asked, snuggling into Hannibal’s chest as they sat on the couch.

“I’ll see if I can find it,” Hannibal told him.

“The ode ones,” Will requested. He liked the older ones better than the new ones. New ones were weird.

“Of course, Darling,” Hannibal said with a smile.

…

Will fell asleep before the first episode was over with his head in Hannibal’s lap. Hannibal would not admit to anyone that he continued watching well after Will fell asleep. It was still on as he answered a few emails. Background noise would be Hannibal’s excuse.

After a few minutes of answering emails from colleagues and clients. That was when he found an email from an associate from the previous day. He must have skipped it yesterday when Will woke up. He opened the email which said- ‘you might want to see this. It’s about your boy.’ There was then a link to Tattle Crime. Hannibal rolled his eyes, preparing to subject himself to Freddie’s atrocious writing.

“Let’s see what lies she writes this time, Darling,” Hannibal said, petting Will's hair.

As soon as he opened Freddie’s article, rage filled his veins.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the little cliffhanger. Next chapter, find out what Freddie wrote to make Hannibal so mad.

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Find out what Freddie did and some fluffy times between Hannibal and Will

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rage filled Hannibal's veins when he saw what Freddie wrote. At first, he was able to roll his eyes. She wrote speculative nonsense- implying that Will was more unstable than before he was kidnapped. There were photos of him in the hospital. This angered him but did not surprise him. It would not be the first time that she took pictures of Will in the hospital.

What made him so mad were the photos of Will and him in front of his house. Not only did Freddie follow him home to get the pictures. But also at the point of the article being posted Will's kidnappers had not been captured yet. That fact alone made this article potentially very dangerous. If they had seen this article they would have known where Will was staying. In reality, he knew that it would have been more dangerous for the kidnappers than for himself or for Will, but Freddie did not know that. Freddie also had no way of knowing that Will's kidnappers had been arrested as the FBI had not let it out. Yet, Freddie still posted the article.

Hannibal took a deep breath when he heard Will whimper in his sleep. He turned off the tablet and put it to the side. "Shh," Hannibal hushed, rubbing the boy's back. Will easily settle back down.

It was decided at that moment, Freddie Lounds was dead. He, unfortunately, would not be able to kill her right away. She better enjoy her last month.

…

Will sighed as he woke up. He flipped over onto his tummy. His head was still resting on Hannibal's lap. He could feel the silky fabric of his jammies under his head.

"Are you awake, Mylimas?" Hannibal asked softly, running his hand through his now tangled hair.

Will nodded, "yeah."

"Sit up, Darling," Hannibal ordered.

Will whined but listened. "Why?" Will rubbed his eyes and sniffled.

Hannibal smiled at his boy. He was adorable even when he was being sleepy and slightly grumpy.

“Because,” Hannibal said as he grabbed the boy’s arms to bring him closer to him. “I want you to sit in my lap.”

“Cuddle,” Will smiled, laying his head on the man’s chest and suckling his binky. Hannibal slowly rocked from side to side, rubbing his back.

“I love you, Darling Boy,” Hannibal whispered into his ear, kissing the top of his head.

“Love you too, Hanni.” Will said with a soft smile. “Love you.”

They stayed connected for a few minutes before Will spoke, “Hanni?”

“What is it?” Hannibal asked, looking down at the boy.

“I hungry,” Will said. He then looked nervous as he continued, “I-I get snack? P’ease?”

“You’re hungry?” Hannibal asked- surprised. Will had not complained of being hungry for the near week he had been back even stating that he was not hungry when it was time to eat. Perhaps his body was finally getting used to being fed again. His hunger signals were back at least for the moment.

Will nodded at Hannibal’s question. “Get snack?” he asked again.

“Of course, Darling,” Hannibal said, standing with Will still in his arms. “What would you like?”

“Appas," Will requested, "p'ease?"

Hannibal considered that for a moment. He then asked, "would you like some apple nachos?'

Will looked confused for a moment. "Cheese?"

Hannibal chuckled at the misunderstanding. Will looked even more confused. "No, not cheese, Darling. It’s apples with peanut butter, cinnamon, and chocolate chips on top.”

Will’s eyes widened and smiled at the offering. “Yeah. I wan’ that one. I wan’ choco’ chips.”

“Alright, let’s go prepare it.”

…

“It’d so good,” Will said when he was all done with his plate and was full. He had a lot of peanut butter and chocolate on his face and hands. He licked as much as he could before Hannibal could wipe him clean.

“I can see that, Little One,” Hannibal said with a smile. “I think there is more peanut butter on your hands and face than in your tummy.” Hannibal tickled his belly.

Will giggled and squirmed. “No more tickle,” Will laughed.

“Let’s clean you up then we’ll do something you want to do,” Hannibal said, cleaning up his baby. Will pouted and whined in protest but stayed still.

“What we do?” Will asked once he was all clean. He scrubbed his face dry with his sleeve.

“Whatever you want. Darling,” Hannibal told him.

Will smiled softly and asked, “anything I wan’?”

“Within reason,” Hannibal said with amusement in his tone. He raised his eyebrow.

“Uh- can we- can we go outside?” Will asked, looking out the window longingly. He missed going outside. He liked going out in the garden with Hannibal. Maybe they could go into the backyard.

“Of course we can go outside,” Hannibal said. There was not much that he could do in the backyard, so he asked, “would you like to go on a walk?”

“Oh, yeah,” Will nodded enthusiastically, “go now?”

“I must get dressed first. Then we can go,” Hannibal told him.

Will looked Hannibal up and down. He then giggled.

“Are you laughing at me?” Hannibal asked with a raised eyebrow. He looked firm but he was trying not to laugh. Will seemed to realize it and laughed harder and his smile was huge.

“Still in jammies,” Will giggled.

“And that’s humorous why?” Hannibal asked, not fighting the smile anymore.

“‘Cause you Hanni,” Will explained, “never in jammies.”

“I suppose you are current,” Hannibal said, picking up the boy to go to his room.

“No down,” Will said with a shake of his head when Hannibal put him down on the man’s bed.

“We can’t go for a walk if you don’t allow me to change,” Hannibal pointed out, bouncing the boy.

The boy pouted and grumbled, “kay.”

Hannibal kissed Will’s temple and said, “good boy.”

Hannibal went into his closet to be out of Will's eyeline as he changed his pants and shirt. He changed into a pair of comfortable slacks and white undershirt. He was going to put on a sweater to stay warm when they went outside. He stepped to the other side of the closet. He was now in Will’s eyeline, and the boy took full advantage of it.

“Mine, mine,” Hannibal heard Will say from his spot on the bed.

“What is yours, Darling?” Hannibal asked as he pulled his brown sweater over his head.

“That one, that one,” Will said. Hannibal turned to see his boy pointing at a sweater in his closet. It was his maroon sweater.

“I’m sorry to inform you, but the sweater is Hanni’s not yours,” Hannibal said with a teasing tone.

“But- but I wants it,” Will said, “p’ease. I has it, p’ease?”

“Here you are, Darling. Just this once,” Hannibal said as he pulled the sweater over his head although he knew that this would not be the last time Will wore a sweater of his. Not that he could complain.

“Peek-a-boo!” Will exclaimed once his head was in his sweater. He struggled a moment to get his arms through but he was able to do it.

Hannibal gasped in factitious surprise at the boy’s play.

“Peek-a-boo,” Hannibal said lovingly, rubbing his boy’s cheeks.

Will smiled at him a moment before he pointed to the bedroom door. He then lifted his arms to be picked up. “We go now,” he said.

“How’s your diaper?” Hannibal asked. He checked it and knew that he should change the boy before they started on their walk, but he wanted Will to admit that he needed a change.

“Why?” Will asked, blushing at the mention of his diapers.

“Because, I need to know if I need to change you,” Hannibal explained, “so, are you wet.”

“Little bit,” Will admitted, playing with the hem of Hannibal’s sweater. “Maybe needa change.”

“Thank you for being honest with me,” Hannibal said, kissing the side of the boy’s head. “Let’s go change you then,” he started to walk towards the boy’s room. “I don’t know how long we’re going to be out and we don’t want you to leak. Considering how well you’ve taken to your diapers."

Will buried his head in Hannibal’s shoulder to hide his

“No need to be embarrassed, Little One,” Hannibal said, though he was quite amused by the boy’s embarrassment.

He entered Will’s room and placed him on the bed. “Let’s get you all fresh and dry. Then, we’ll go on our walk.”

“Tay,” Will nodded, laying down against the pillows and covering his face with his teddy. He took a deep breath to attempt to calm his embarrassment. He felt his teddy being pulled from his arms. “No, no, Hanni,” Will said, reaching out for his teddy. Hannibal placed it on his bedside table where he could not reach it.

“Do calm, Mylimas,” Hannibal said, running his hand through his hair. “There is no need to hide.”

Will disagreed, hiding his face behind his hands.

“William, put your hands to your side,” Hannibal told him with a firm tone.

Will whined and tensed, but he listened. He placed his hands on his chest, just to rebel slightly. Hannibal allowed it for now.

“As I said, there is no need to hide,” Hannibal continued, “and I don’t want you to hide anymore. There is nothing wrong with you. You need to learn to accept and become comfortable with all parts about yourself. At this point, that includes using diapers and diaper changes.”

Will did not respond, simply turning his head to face the wall. It felt like his face was on fire. He wanted to listen to Hannibal so he did not hide his face again. If Hannibal asked him to look as he changed him, Will knew that he could not. He might start crying.

Thankfully, Hannibal did not ask him to do that. He felt as he Hannibal pulled down his pants and started to change him.

“There you are, Sweet Boy,” Hannibal said in a soft, gentle voice once he was done changing him. “Come.”

Will lifted his arms up so Hannibal could hold him. He hid his face in Hannibal’s shoulder. Hannibal allowed him to, knowing that he pushed his boy a little bit too far. He, however, knew that it was one of the only ways to get him more comfortable.

‘Are you alright, Darling?” Hannibal asked, rubbing his back.

“Teddy,” Will whimpered into his shoulder.

“You want your teddy now,” Hannibal asked, swaying the boy around to attempt to calm him. He handed him the Teddy which the boy grabbed and squeezed to his chest. Will made a content noise at the lights.

“Let’s get your wheelchair and start our walk,” Hannibal said. He walked to the living room to place the boy on the couch. He told him once again that he was going to get his wheelchair out of the car.

“I brings my b’ankie and teddy and binky?” Will asked when Hannibal returned with his chair. He nervously fidgeted with his blankie.

“You can bring your blanket and your teddy but not your pacifier,” Hannibal explained. Thankfully, Will did not have his pacifier in his mouth as he would be reluctant to take it out.

“Oh, okay,” Will nodded. “Why?”

Hannibal kneeled down so that he could look at Will to look him in the face. “You know that your body is big, right?”

“Yeah,” Will nodded, “‘m 36.”

“Yes, that’s right,” Hannibal told him. “Well, some people would not take too kindly to someone in a big body to have a pacifier.”

“Oh,” Will said with a nod. Hannibal could tell that Will did not quite understand, but he was thankfully not questioning it any further. “But I bring b’ankie and Teddy?”

“Yes you may, Little One,” Hannibal said, not caring what anyone would think about that.

“T’ank you,” Will said, hugging both his blankie and his teddy to his chest. He then smiled “walk now?”

“Yes, Darling,” Hannibal said as he picked the baby up and placed him in the chair to wheel him out of the house.

...

"Hanni'?" Will asked. They were at a park a few minutes from Hannibal's house. It was mostly barren do to the cold weather. A couple of couples walking around the paths and a few children with parents playing on the equipment.

"Yes, Mylimas?"

"Anything I wan'?" Will asked with a small, hopeful smile on his face.

"Within reason," Hannibal reminded the boy.

Will pointed to the swings. "I go, p'ease?"

Hannibal looked toward the swings that Will was pointing. The swings where empty, so Hannibal said, "of course we can." He wheeled the boy toward the swings.

"Swing, swing, swing," Will said in a sing-song voice with a wide smile on his face, reaching for the swings.

"Yes, we are," Hannibal lifted the boy onto the swings.

"Push me, push me!" Will exclaimed.

Hannibal smiled with his boy and went behind him. "Hold on, Darling," Hannibal said. Will held onto the chains tightly as Hannibal began to push him. Will laughed, quiet but

nonetheless carefree. They got a couple of looks. A couple of people gave them looks. A few people raised their eyebrows (not unlike at the hospital) but no one approached them. A few people smiled in their direction. They probably thought that Will had special needs. Which, at the moment, was not an... incorrect assumption. Once again, no one approached them.

Hannibal felt someone watching them. It was the same feeling he got when he brought Will home the previous day. He knew that Freddie was around somewhere. He did not want to distress the happy boy, so he did not say anything. He simply continued to push the boy. Whatever Freddie wrote would simply be added to her long list of sins.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, more Hannibal and Will fluffs. Might or might not have some angst.

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

TW- Vomiting

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“It’s time to go home, Darling Boy,” Hannibal said. Will was back in his chair after nearly 30 minutes of swinging. He did not have any interest in any of the other equipment so they walked for a while longer.

“Awe. Why?” Will pouted.

“Because we’ve been walking for a couple of hours. It’s nearly time to start dinner,” Hannibal explained.

“Jus’ five more minutes?” Will asked, rubbing his blankie and teddy. He rubbed his teddy against his face. Hannibal noticed, and he knew that he only did that when he was sleepy. So, he would need a bath before dinner. Then, after dinner they could watch movies until Will could no longer keep his eyes open. Hannibal would then bring him to bed. Hopefully, he would not have another nightmare. If he did, Hannibal would be there for him.

“It’ll take over five minutes to walk back home,” Hannibal explained.

“After that,” Will said.

Hannibal could not help but chuckle at Will’s demands. “No can do,” Hannibal then explained his plans for the evening. He left out the going to bed part knowing that he might fight it especially after his nightmare the previous night.

“Don’t you want to do that?” Hannibal ended his talk.

“Yeah,” Will nodded. A bath, dinner, and watching movies sounded perfect. He wanted to do that so bad. “We do that.”

“Then, we must go home,” Hannibal said.

“Alright,” Will said, although he did not sound very happy about it.

“We can go outside tomorrow as long as it doesn’t get too cold,” Hannibal promised, ruffling his boy’s hair.

Will looked back at Hannibal. “P’omise?”

“Of course, Darling.”

“Kay,” Will nodded. “Go home and take a bath?”

Hannibal confirmed, continuing to walk back home. He no longer felt the eyes on him, so Freddie must have become bored. Good, Hannibal thought. Will deserved to have a peaceful afternoon out.

“Here we are,” Hannibal said as they approached the house. He brought the wheelchair into the house and parked it near the door.

“Baths time,” Will said, reaching out for Hannibal.

Hannibal picked up the boy. “We must leave your teddy and blanket here,” he told him, plucking the comfort items out of Will’s hands. He placed them gently on the couch.

“Be back?” Will asked.

“Yes,” Hannibal told him with a nod. “They will be here when we get back.”

Will nodded again. “Alright.” He rested his head against Hannibal’s shoulder as the man carried him to his bathroom.

He placed Will on the bathroom floor. "Would you like some toys?"

"Baths toys?" Will asked, excited.

"Yes," Hannibal said as he opened the under sink cabinets which had a basket with Will's toys.

"I wan' fishies p'ease," Will said, pointing at the fish toys. It had a couple of magnetic fishing rods and several fish.

“Yes, you may,” Hannibal said, picking out the fishes and placing them in the tub and turning on the water to fill the tub.

Will made a happy sound and clapped. “In, in,” Will said, getting up on his hands and knees to crawl to the bathtub.

“Wait, Little One,” Hannibal told him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

“What?” Will asked, confused. His eyebrows knitted together. Hannibal said it was bath time. Will just wanted to get in the bath.

“I must undress you before you get in the bathtub,” Hannibal explained.

“Oh,” Will whispered, looking down at his clothes with a blush. He did not think about that.

“Lay back,” Hannibal ordered. Will obeyed laying down on his back. Hannibal removed his pants and slightly damp diaper before asking him to set up. He then removed his sweater and

shirt.

Will shivered when he was fully nude. “I code,” the boy complained.

“I know, Mylimas,” Hannibal said with a chuckle. “One more thing.” He put the plastic cover over his cast so it did not get wet in the bathtub. “Now lets get you in the tub.”

Hannibal allowed the little boy to play for a few minutes. The boy reeled in the fishes over and over again. He looked so happy. When the weather warmed up, he would have to take him out fishing. He knew that the boy would love it.

“Would you like me to wash your body or your hair first?” Hannibal asked.

“Body,” Will said without hesitation as he splashed one of his fish.

Will’s choice did not surprise Hannibal. For whatever reason, Will did not want water to go over his head. Hannibal could assume why, but he could not confirm it. Will did not talk about what his kidnappers put him through. Even when Hannibal asked, he did not talk about it. He would change the subject.

“Good choice,” Hannibal praised. “I’m going to start with your back.”

Hannibal poured some children’s body wash onto a washcloth to lather it up. He then started to clean his back. He announced what area he was going to clean before cleansing it. Will mostly ignored him in favor of playing with his toys.

“Having fun, Darling?” Hannibal asked with a soft smile. Will looked up and mirrored his smile.

“Yeah, I havin’ fun,” Will nodded.

“I’m glad. Now, I must wash your hair,” Hannibal told him.

“Oh, um. A-Alright,” Will stuttered. He did not like his hair washed. He did not like the water on his face, but he knew that Hannibal would be careful. He always was.

“Good boy,” Hannibal praised. “Tilt your head back.”

Will gasped and tensed as water was poured over his hair. Nothing made his face all wet. So, it was not too bad. Hannibal then started to massage the shampoo into his hair. It felt good and smelled like vanilla. He felt his body relax.

“Does that feel nice?” Hannibal asked.

“Yeah,” Will said, closing his eyes. "Really nice."

Hannibal played with Will’s hair longer than necessary. He warned Will before he rinsed the shampoo out of his hair. Will tensed and whimpered again. His breathing came out choppy when Hannibal did it two more times.

“All done, Darling Boy. All done,” Hannibal said, running his hand through his boy’s hair to comfort him. “You are safe. Nothing will hurt you.”

Will nodded. “I play now? P’ease?”

“For a few more minutes,” Hannibal told him, “then we need to start dinner. What would you like?”

“Anyt’ing I wan’?” Will asked with a slightly mischievous smile.

“Yes,” Hannibal confirmed.

“I wan’ pizza,” Will said, “pepp’roni pizza, p’ease.”

“Of course, Darling,” Hannibal said. “I’ll make the best pizza you’ve ever eaten,” Hannibal tickled under Will’s chin.

Will giggled, tucking his chin in so that Hannibal could not tickle him anymore. “Hanni’ you silly.”

“I think you’re silly,” Hannibal said as he ruffled his wet hair. Hannibal picked up one of the rods to fish with his boy for a few more minutes. “Alright, Mylimas, it’s time to get out now.”

“Awe,” Will pouted but let Hannibal take him out of the tub. He laid him down on a towel on the floor.

“Let’s get you dry and diapered,” Hannibal said, quickly drying the boy and taping a diaper around his hips. Will still blushed light pink but he did not try and hide. Progress. He then took the plastic off his cast. He dressed him in light blue pajama pants with dark blue elastic around the ankles and a matching short sleeve shirt.

“Would you like to go play in the living room for a little bit while I cook?” Hannibal asked.

“Yeah,” Will nodded, “p’ay with blocks.”

“Of course, Little One.”

Hannibal made sure that Will was completely engrossed in his toys and the cartoon playing on the television before he made his way down to the meat cellar.

…

Later that night, after dinner and after going to bed, Hannibal was once again woken up out of a dead sleep. Hannibal blinked his eyes open, straining to hear what had woken him up. There was water running from the shower in Will’s room.

Hannibal was up in a second, rushing into the boy’s room. The first thing that he noticed was the smell of vomit. Will threw up. The second thing that he noticed was that the sheets and blankets were gone. He could hear Will sobbing over the water. It was still so quiet.

Hannibal looked into the bathroom. It was obvious that Will was trying to clean the sheets and blankets in the bathtub. He felt his heart break for his boy.

“Will, Mylimas, what are you doing?” Hannibal asked in the most gentle tone that he could. He walked over to turn off the water. He looked Will up and down. He was red faced with fat tears streaming down his cheeks. He was shaking- practically vibrating. He was so terrified and upset. At least he did not have any vomit on his clothes. So, he would find out what happened, clean, then get Will in his bed and back to sleep.

Will whimpered, crying harder and backing away when Hannibal approached. “I sorry. I sorry, Hanni’,” Will cried, “I-I throw up. I clean it. I p’omise I clean it.”

“Will, Will,” Hannibal said, kneeling down to the boy. “Do calm down, Darling.”

Will felt his tummy churn again and he was afraid that he was going to throw up again. He did not. Hannibal must be so mad at him. He ruined his nice blankie and his bedding that Hannibal gave him. This was going to be it. Hannibal was going to punish him. He had to.

“I-I get ‘pankin’?” Will asked, thumbs already hooked around his waist line. He would deserve it.

“No,” Hannibal said, pushing his hands away from his pants. Will whimpered, flinching back as if Hannibal slapped him. “Will,” Hannibal cupped Will’s cheeks, “look at me, Darling Boy.”

He waited until Will was looking up. He did not meet his eyes, but it was good enough. “I will never hurt you,” Hannibal said slowly. “You are not going to get in trouble for things you cannot control.”

“No, no trouble,” Will whimpered.

“That’s right. You are not in trouble,” Hannibal said. Once again, he was speaking slowly so he knew that Will would process the words. “Now, take a deep breath so you can calm down.”

“Kay,” Will said, listening to Hannibal. Eventually, his breathing slowed. He still felt scared, but Hannibal was not mad. Hannibal then gave him a cup of cold water. It helped soothe his raw throat.

That was better.

“Now, can you tell me what happened?” Hannibal asked, lifting Will onto the closed toilet bowl lid.

“I-I had nightmare,” Will explained that he cried too much and threw up. He then got scared that Hannibal would be mad at him and make him clean it up. He thought that if he already cleaned it up then Hannibal would never know.

Hannibal was not surprised by the little boy’s logic. He probably had something similar happen to him. Either in his childhood or in the past nine months. He needed reassurance that

he would never get in trouble for something like this.

“You are never going to get in trouble for this. Ever,” Hannibal said. “If something like this ever happens again, I want you to call out to me. So I can help you.”

“Kay,” Will nodded.

Hannibal knew that this would not be the last time that they would talk about this. But he would let this lay for now.

“Okay,” Hannibal agreed, lifting the boy onto his hip. “I’m going to put you in my bed. I think for now on, you should sleep with me.” Will simply cried too quietly. Hannibal could not hear him when he got distressed.

“Clean,” Will whimpered, pointing at the mess of blankets on the floor and in the tub.

“I will clean it,” Hannibal said. “As your caregiver, that is my job. You will go back to bed.”

“Kay,” Will nodded.

He put the boy on the bed and tucked him in. “I will be right back with some water,” he felt his forehead. “I do not believe you are getting sick.”

“Jus’ cryin’ too much,” Will explained, laying back on Hannibal’s pillows. His eyes felt sleepy. He told Hannibal that.

“I know, Darling,” Hannibal said, running his hand through his hair. “I will be right back.”

Will was asleep before Hannibal came back into the room.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Will is going to start to come out of his headspace little by little.

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal felt a sense of dejavu when he woke up. His alarm was sounding once again, and he turned it off. He wrapped his arm around Will again. This time, Will did not wake up. Hannibal looked down at the boy with a gentle smile. He looked so peaceful. Soft curls framed his face, his pacifier bobbing in his mouth, and his hands tucked under his chin. There was no trace of the previous night's endeavor on him.

Hannibal slowly got out of the bed. He would let his boy sleep for a while longer. At least until he was done with breakfast. He decided to make cinnamon rolls.

A little treat after the rough night.

…

"Darling Boy," Hannibal said quietly to gently wake him up. He just finished breakfast. He combed his fingers through his hair. "Time to wake, Dear."

Will groaned, eyes slowly blinking opening. He shook his head. "No up," the boy grumbled.

"Yes, I have breakfast ready," Hannibal told him as he rubbed his back.

Will huffed, turning his back to Hannibal and pulling the covers over his head.

"I have cinnamon rolls and strawberries," Hannibal said.

Will perked up, slowly sitting up. "Ci'amon 'olls?" Will asked, cocking his head to one side.

"Yes, Darling Boy. Cinnamon rolls."

Will smiled, suddenly not sleepy at all. "I wan' Ci'amon 'olls," Will said as he lifted his arms up. "Uppies, uppies. P'ease."

"Come here," Hannibal said with a smile, lifting the boy on his hip. He checked the boy's diaper. He was damp, but could wait until he finished breakfast.

They walked into the dinning room and Hannibal placed him at the table. He already had the cinnamon rolls and strawberries plated in front of the boy. Will immediately picked up a roll and took a large bite out of it. He hummed at the sweetness and gave a thumbs up towards Hannibal.

"Bottle? Wan' bottle, please," Will asked when he was finished with the cinnamon roll. He picked up a strawberry and popped it in his mouth.

"Finish your food first," Hannibal said, pointing to the strawberries still on his plate.

“Okay,” Will nodded, listening. He waved his hands when the strawberries were gone.

“All done, Darling?” Hannibal asked, recognizing the sign.

Will nodded with a smile, patting his tummy, “‘berries in my tummy.”

"As are the cinnamon rolls," Hannibal said playfully, tickling the baby's stomach. Will squealed, squirming away from the hands.

Hannibal chuckled and quickly wiped the sticky icing off the boy's hands and face. "Alright, Darling Boy, let's get you cleaned up and ready for the day," he said as he lifted the boy to carry him back to his room.

Will whined. "Bottle?"

"Yes, we will get you a bottle in a moment. We have to get ready for the day," Hannibal said. Hannibal had already dressed for the day- simple sweater and comfortable slacks.

Will made a noise of protest but did not argue any further. He rested his head against Hannibal's shoulder and glared at nothing. That was, until he saw what was on his bed. His blankie and teddy were there. Will smiled, pointing to them. "My blankie' 'nd teddy. They clean?" He could not believe it. His Hanni' was the best.

"Yes, Mylimas, they are clean," Hannibal said. He would not tell Will how long it took to get the vomit off them. Will felt too guilty about it the night before.

"I get them. I get them," Will squirmed, reaching out for his teddy and blankie.

"Down you go," Hannibal said, putting the boy on the bed. Will pulled his blankie and teddy to his chest. He cooed when his teddy lit up.

"Thank you, Hanni'. I love you," Will said.

"I love you too," Hannibal said as he ruffled his boy's hair. He then said that he was going to get him a fresh diaper and clothes.

Will nodded as he leaned into Hannibal touch.

"Lay back and I'll be right back," Hannibal told him. Will easily obeyed as he always did.

Hannibal smiled. "Good boy," Hannibal praised easily as he left the room.

He picked out a diaper with a lion, a blue onesie with green dinosaurs and gray sweats. He had yet to dress Will in a onesie, but he thought that Will would like it.

"Dinosaur,” Will said with a smile as he pointed at the onesie. “Roar!” Will growled, bending his fingers like claws.

“Are you a dinosaur?” Hannibal asked as he placed Will’s clothes on the bed. He pulled off Will’s pajama pants to start changing his diaper. Will still blushed a light pink, but it was

nowhere near as bad as yesterday.

“Yeah!” Will exclaimed with a bright smile. “I scary dinosaur. Roar!”

“I think you are a very cute dinosaur,” Hannibal argued as he removed his diaper and started to wipe.

“No, no,” Will shook his head. “I ‘cary dinosaur. Scary, Hanni’.”

“Alright, Darling,” Hannibal conceded, patting Will’s tummy. “You are a scary dinosaur.”

Will giggled. His thumb came to his mouth to suckle on. Hannibal let it slide for now. After his bottle, he would get his pacifier.

“Sit up a moment,” Hannibal said, “so we can make you a dinosaur.”

“Roar,” Will growled as he listened. He lifted his arms so that Hannibal could take off his shirt. He then finished dressing the boy.

"There you are, Darling. Scariest little dinosaur ever," Hannibal said, "now let's go do something with your hair." Will's hair was down to his shoulders so much more prone to knots. Which, he had a couple of from sleeping.

"Awe, Hanni' bottle. Say bottle after ready for the day. I ready for the day," Will complained with a heavy pout.

"Brushing your hair is part of getting ready for the day, Little One," Hannibal explained patently. "We'll get your bottle after."

"Promise?" Will asked, holding onto his teddy and blankie as Hannibal held him.

"Of course, Darling," Hannibal said, kissing the side of his head.

Hannibal brought a chair into the bathroom with him to sit the boy down. As soon as Will saw his face in the mirror, he stuck his tongue out and made silly faces in the mirror.

“Get your tongue back in your mouth,” Hannibal said, playfully and gently squeezing his chin. Will giggled and listened before sticking his tongue out at Hannibal.

“Cheeky boy,” Hannibal said, ruffling his hair.

Will giggled, continuing to make silly faces without his tongue.

Hannibal shook his head but allowed Will to be silly as he finger combed through the boy’s hair for a few minutes.

“Fuzzy,” Will complained, attempting to flatten his hair down with his hands. It did not work. He did not like it.

“I will fix it, Darling Boy,” Hannibal told him, grabbing a spray bottle. He sprayed the boy’s hair with the water until it was slightly damp. He then started to comb through his hair, starting from the bottom and working his way up. His hair immediately curled back up. The hair was surprisingly still very healthy.

“Better?” Hannibal asked when his hair was tangle free.

“Yeah,” Will nodded with a smile. “Good.”

“Thank you, Darling,” Hannibal turned away from the boy to get some product for his hair.

It was sudden. So sudden that when Hannibal was walking back through the morning later he could not pinpoint an exact trigger. If there even was one.

“I don’t understand,” Will whispered.

At first, Hannibal did not realize it. He was speaking in a full sentence with no choppy words. “What don’t you understand, Mylimas?” Hannibal asked almost absentmindedly as he turned back to the boy with a couple of hair products.

That was when he saw it. Will’s body language had shifted from the soft, relaxed, and carefree body language of a child to a tense and anxiety ridden body language of an adult. Will Graham was an adult. At least at this moment.

Hannibal sank to his knees in front of him, avoiding the blanket and teddy that was now on the floor. He placed his hand on his knee. Will flinched back and looked at Hannibal with far away eyes. His breathing was choppy and short. He was panicking.

“Will, breathe for me,” Hannibal said in a gentle tone. The same tone that he had been using with Will while he was regressed. “You are Will Graham. It is 9 in the morning. You are in the guest bathroom at my house. You are safe.”

“I know that!” Will snapped, attempting to take deep breaths. It was not working. His mind was racing too fast. Too fast. Too much. “What’s going on?”

Hannibal considered how to answer that for a moment. “You are in my home. What’s the last thing you remember?”

Will’s eyes suddenly turned haunted. He started sobbing. These were not the sobs of an adult. These were the quiet sobs of a little boy who was too scared to cry too loud. Hannibal would be lying if he said that he was not disappointed that Will regressed so soon after coming out of it, but he understood. Adult Will was not ready to process what happened to him. He still did not feel safe enough. So, his regressed mind took over yet again.

“Oh, my precious boy,” Hannibal cooed, attempting to bring the boy into his arms.

Will started fighting him, pushing him away. “No, no, no, no, no,” Will shook his head. “No wan’. No wan’. Bad. Bad. Bad head” Will sobbed, hitting the side of his head with the heel of his head.

“Shh, shh,” Hannibal cooed, bringing the squirming boy to his chest. He handed his boy the stuffie to redirect him from hitting himself. Will held the teddy with one arm but still hit his head, saying ‘bad.’ Hannibal grabbed the blanket from the ground and tightly wrapped it around his shoulders, effectively pinning his arms to the side in the most gentle way possible so that he could not hit himself. Will made a noise of protest, attempting to squirm away.

“No, no!” Will screamed. “No!”

“Hush, Darling. I cannot allow you to hit yourself,” Hannibal said. “You are safe here. Let it out.”

Will crumpled, sobbing into his chest. “Not like id, Hanni’!”

Hannibal rubbed his back and said soothing nothingness into his ear in Lithuanian.

It took a few minutes for Will to calm down, taking deep breaths. Tears still streamed down his face when he asked, "baba, Hanni'. Wan' baba."

"Of course, Darling. Of course," Hannibal cooed, already standing to go to the kitchen. "Anything for you."

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Wil is going to yo yo in and out of headspace. He will stay an adult long enough to have a serious conversation though.

Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal have a therapy session.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A yo-yo. That was the only way that Hannibal could describe his headspace. He was still mostly regressed, but once or twice a day he would come back to his adult headspace. He would always say “I don’t understand,” in the most broken, quiet voice that Hannibal had ever heard. He was so terrified. It did not last long. Only a few minutes maybe. It was not long enough to talk to him. Though he always said that there was nothing wrong with regression. He knew how Will was. He would think that there was something wrong with regressing.

He was then always upset when he regressed back down. He would yell, push Hannibal away, and hit himself. Thankfully, he was easy to calm and went back to his normal, happy regressed self. After a couple of weeks of yo-yoing, Will seemed to regress even younger than he was originally. He was trying to protect himself even more.

Hannibal did everything that he could do to make the boy more comfortable. The problem was that he seemed so comfortable and happy but only when he was regressed. Hannibal knew that there was nothing more than they could do. It would only take time.

…

“Hanni’?” Will asked in a quiet voice. It was late afternoon and they were in the living room, sitting side by side on the couch. Will was having some tablet time and Hannibal was reading.

“Yes, Darling?” Hannibal asked.

“Therapy time?”

That was one thing that Hannibal implemented one week after Will came home. It would, hopefully, be no surprise that Will needed therapy. At the moment, the goal of therapy was to help Will process through some of the things that happened to him when he was kidnapped so it was not so overwhelming when he was an adult. Three hour long sessions a week. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Today was Friday.

“Not quite. We have five more minutes. Unless you want to start early?” Hannibal explained.

“No,” Will said with a shake of his head. He turned his attention back to the tablet.

Hannibal was not surprised by the rejection. Will was still Will even when regressed. He still had some reservations about therapy. Nothing, Hannibal thought, was ever going to change that.

“Alright then. Five more minutes,” Hannibal said with a nod.

Five minutes came and went much too fast for Will's liking. He made his displeasure known by a protesting noise.

"Will?" Hannibal asked with a raised eyebrow. His hand extended to take the tablet that he asked for.

Will hated to think that he disappointed or upset Hannibal in any way. Even if he did not like what Hannibal wanted him to do. So, he handed the tablet back to Hannibal.

"Thank you, Darling," ,” Hannibal said as he put the tablet on charge.

“What we don’ today?” Will asked, lifting his arms up to be carried to the man’s secondary study. It was now their therapy room.

“I was thinking we could play with your dollhouse and draw. What do you think?” Choices were so important for Will to make. Especially about therapy. Especially when he was reluctant about therapy.

“Alright,” Will nodded, resting his head on Hannibal’s shoulder, tucking his blankie under his chin. He did not have his teddy. His teddy was on the couch.

“What would you like to do first?” Hannibal asked.

"Want draw," Will said.

Hannibal nodded. He knew that Will loved to draw. He liked "bein' like Hanni'." Will was a good artist. His are was still slightly childish as to be expected, but good nonetheless.

"Good choice," Hannibal praised, placing the boy on a beanbag in the corner of the room. There were two. One for Hannibal and one for Will. It was much more comfortable than sitting on the floor when Will insisted on it. He liked cuddling when they had talking parts of their sessions and he did not like the chase in the room.

As Hannibal went to get his art supplies, Will covered himself with his blankie and adjusted his glasses on his face.

Hannibal then sat down on his beanbag and handed the boy his sketchpad and pencils.

"What I draw?" Will asked when he turned to a blank page.

Hannibal had had him draw several things, mostly to do with emotions. Draw something that makes you happy, sad, angry. Draw something that makes you feel safe. Draw what it feels

like to be happy, sad, angry, safe. Then, they would talk about it. This time Hannibal asked, "why don't you draw me a self-portrait?"

"Picture a me?" Will asked

"Yes, Darling," Hannibal said.

"Kay," Will nodded. He took out one of the pencils and started to draw. He leaned against Hannibal's chest. Hannibal wrapped his arm around him.

Hannibal noted that Will drew himself with the scars on his face. The one on his forehead and cheek. It was interesting to Hannibal. The first time that he looked in the mirror with his glasses, he looked so sad. He touched the scar on cheek. He must not have been able to see it clearly before. Will did not say anything even when prompted. So, Hannibal tried again.

"I see you drew yourself with your scars," Hannibal observed as Will was still drawing.

Will knew that it was just an observation. Hannibal did that a lot when he drew. At least during therapy he did. At first, he thought they were critiques. He would want to change it because he would do anything to make Hannibal happy. Then Hannibal explained that he was talking about his art because he wanted to know more about it. Not because he was not happy with it. Hannibal said that he liked everything Will drew.

"Yeah," Will nodded to answer Hannibal's observation. "I has them." He looked up at Hannibal then pointed to the scar on his cheek. As if the red, slightly indented scar was not obvious.

"I know you do," Hannibal said with a slightly amused smile. His expression then turned serious. "I do wonder how you got them, though. I know how you got the one on your head."

"I felled," Will said, touching the scar.

"I know," Hannibal nodded, "but what about the one on your cheek?" Hannibal traced the scar with his fingertips. Will did not protest the hand on his cheek, but he did look down. For a moment, Hannibal thought that Will would not answer. Then, slowly, he said, "Sammy did it," in a soft voice. As if he was telling a secret.

"What did Sammy do?" Hannibal asked.

Will squirmed uncomfortably. He huddled closer to Hannibal and stuck his thumb in his month. Not an uncommon reaction when asked to describe something that happened to him in those nine months. Hannibal had been able to get a few, short accounts out of him. How they yelled and drank a lot around him. How they misgendered him and called him a girl. How they threw beer bottles at him while he coward in the corner with his head buried in his knees. That, unfortunately, explained quite a few, very small scars. that littered his arms and legs. Those scars would likely go away with time. Most of them were already faded to the point they were hardly noticeable unless you were looking for them. The scar on his face, however, would never go away.

“Oh, Darling Boy, none of that,” Hannibal scolded gently. He removed the thumb from his mouth and offered his pacifier from his pocket. Will took the pacifier and popped it in his mouth, suckling as he buried his face in Hannibal’s chest. Hannibal wrapped his arms around the boy in a comforting hug. “It’s alright. My brave boy,” Hannibal kissed the top of Will’s head. “You are safe here. They cannot hurt you anymore.”

Will nodded. It was something that Hannibal told him all the time. The monsters could not hurt him anymore. They could not hurt him, even if he told Hannibal what happened. That did not make talking about it any less scary sometimes.

“Can you tell me why?"

Will knew why. So, he said "'cause bad man-uh- Alec- dead. 'nd Sammy, Travis, and Dan in jail. Unca' Jack put them in jail."

Unca' Jack. That was something new that Will had been calling Jack. He remembered that Hannibal had called him that a few times. Albeit he called him that sarcastically, Will seemed to call Jack uncle as a term of endearment.

"That's right, Mylimas," Hannibal smiled, patting his back. "So, there is no reason to fear telling me. No one will hurt you here."

Will placed his head on Hannibal's shoulder so that Hannibal could hear him better. He kept his pacifier in his mouth for comfort. "S-Sammy say I talk too much. Bad man- uh- Alec say couldn't sew my mouth or cut my tongue," Will stuttered, tears entering his eyes. Hannibal rubbed his arm but did not say anything.

"I ‘nd Sammy there 'nd I say bad things to him," Will continued. He did not elaborate on what those 'bad things' were but Hannibal could imagine what Will said to these people. Especially when he was an adult. “He grabbed a knife ‘nd tode me to shut up. I not shut up. He grab my chin and tode me to open my mouth. I did but I bit ‘me. Hard. On the arm. Gots blood in my mouth. Sammy cut my cheek. It hurd. Bad,” here, Will sniffled and wiped his eyes on the tears. He continued- “Den got on top a me and try to open my mouth. Den Travis ‘nd Dan ‘nd Alec camed in. Alec say he couldn’t cut my tongue. Dey hurts me ‘nd Travis stitch my cheek. Couldn’t talk a while ‘cause it hurt.”

“Thank you for telling me,” Hannibal said, pulling Will back in for a hug. He allowed Will to cry on his shoulder. “My good, brave boy.” He felt heavy with the knowledge that Will’s tongue had almost been cut out. He would not be able to talk or even eat properly. If those monsters had been a few seconds late- Hannibal mentally shook his head. He could not get shuck in the ‘what ifs.’

“Wants ‘a p’ay nows,” Will whined with a sniffle. “P’ease.”

“Of course, Darling,” Hannibal said. He stood then huddled the boy in his arms with his blanket and walked over to his dollhouse.

“What would you like for your house, Darling?” Hannibal asked. The dollhouse was used for many things. Sometimes, Will reenacted things from his childhood. Sometimes, he

completely made things up. He would involve people from his real life like Hannibal, Jack, Alana, or even his dogs. Sometimes, he simply decorated and redecorated the house. The routine and systematic action seemed to soothe him after a hard talk or while talking through something traumatic.

“Want Baby ‘nd puppy,” Will said. So, he would reenact something from his childhood. The baby was a small boy doll with black hair and blue eyes. As close to Will himself in a doll. The puppy was a golden dog. Will said it reminded him of ‘his puppy Winston.’

“Here you are,” Hannibal said. He then sat back and watched as Will played. It seemed to be a normal day after his mother left. Will might have been a teenager. He was sad that Daddy had to work all the time, and he wished that Mama would come back even though she was mean sometimes.

His friend, Morgan, came over, but she left. She left forever. Baby was very sad. He said that Baby probably made other people feel that way.

“Why do you think Baby made people feel sad?” Hannibal asked.

“‘Cause Baby gots to leave lots,” Will said, “Daddy has them move lots. Baby doesn’t have many friends. Never had the chance to.”

“So, Morgan meant a lot to Baby,” Hannibal said.

“Yeah.”

Will continued to play. Eventually, Baby had to seek out to go to college.

“Why did Baby have to seek around to go to college?”

“‘Cause Daddy didn’t like it,” Will said. His voice then took on a thicker country accent and became gruffer. He was obviously mimicking his father. “Don’t no one need college. Just need to stay and take care of the family.”

Will then groaned, holding his head.

“What’s wrong, Darling?” Hannibal asked gently. He had a sudden headache. Not an uncommon experience when this adult self was about to surface.

“I don’t understand.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, I promise that Will and Hannibal will talk.

Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will talk.

Chapter Notes

Short but powerful conversation between Will and Hannibal. I promise, next chapter will be much longer.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I don’t understand,” Will whispered, still holding his head. His pacifier tumbled out of his mouth and he dropped his toys. He was so still.

“You’re alright, Darling,” Hannibal said. He did not touch Will, knowing that touch could trigger adult Will into a spiral. “Stay with me.”

Will did not say anything, but bit the inside of his lips. He did not look at Hannibal. He never did. He hardly spoke.

“What don’t you understand?” Hannibal asked. He always did. Will, however, had yet to answer. This break in his headspace seemed different. He was not shaking and his breathing was steady. He was simply looking down at his hands.

“I-I,” Will stuttered. His jaw started to tremble. “I-I don’t understand. Why me?”

Hannibal sighed quietly. That was a question almost all victims of abuse had. It was a difficult question to answer because, truly, yes, ‘why me.’ If it was not the victim, it would have been someone else. That was something hard to convince victims of. While Will’s situation of abuse was unique, he was still not to blame. Alec Harmen and his brothers would have abused someone else. That’s how abusers work.

“It’s not your fault,” Hannibal said because he needed Will to understand that. It was not his fault. “If it wasn’t you, I would have been someone else.”

Will scoffed like he did not believe it. Of course he did not believe it. Not only was Will always easy to blame himself for anything traumatic that happened to him, it was likely that those monsters convinced him that it was his fault. That it was him to blame for what was happening to him.

“I have a hard time believing that, Hannibal,” Will said to confirm Hannibal’s suspensions. His voice was bitter, but still no louder than a mutter.

“Why don’t you?” Hannibal asked.

“I’m the one who wouldn’t leave him alone. I coulda- shoulda- left him alone. Everyone else ignored him. Ignored the evidence. I shoulda too,” Will said.

Hannibal considered Will words for a few moments before replying. “What kind of detective would that have made you?”

“What?” For the first time, Will looked up at Hannibal. His eyes were confused, eyebrows furrowed together. His whole face screamed disbelief. Hannibal just hoped that he could convince Will that he was not to blame.

“What kind of detective would that have made you?” Hannibal repeated.

Will looked back down. He held his knees to his chest. For a moment, Hannibal thought that he might have lost him. That he might slip again. He, thankfully, did not.

“I don’t know,” Will answered with a shrug.

Hannibal would not allow that. He knew that Will knew. So, he said, “I think you know.”

“Not a good one,” Will whispered like he was scared to say it too loud. Like something bad would happen if he said it too loud.

“Will,” Hannibal said, taking a chance and touching his shoulder. Will tensed momentarily but looked up at Hannibal. “The bottom line is that you were doing your job. You had to pursue Alec Harmen because of your job. No one can blame you for his retaliation.”

There was once again a moment of pause. Will was processing the words and likely realized that he was right. The change of subject made that obvious.

“I guess no one can blame me for running around and acting like a toddler for the past few months,” Will said, going from shy and quiet to bitter.

“No, no one should.”

Will scoffed again.

“I’m going to break this down for you,” Hannibal said. His voice was a tad firmer. He noticed the way that Will tensed at the change in tone. Good, maybe he would pay attention. He then continued in a low, firm tone. “Alec Harmen did not have to start abusing his wife.

His wife, however, needed some relief from the abuse. So, she found relief in another man’s arms.

Alec Harmen did not have to murder his wife.

You, Will Graham, had to pursue Alec. That was your job.

Alec and his brothers did not have kidnap and torture you.

You had to find some sort of relief from the constant torment. So, you protected yourself by regressing.

Nothing is your fault. Alec Harmen faced the consequences of his actions."

Will sniffled, tense as a rod. "Please don't be mad at me."

Hannibal's entire demeanor softened. Will's voice was somewhere between adult and child. At the moment, Hannibal wanted Will to remain an adult. He was never going to heal if he did not understand that it was not his fault. If he could convince him even half-way with this conversation then it would be a huge step to recovery.

"Will, I'm not mad at you," Hannibal said softly, wrapping his arm around his shoulders. "I could never be mad at you for this. I just want you to understand that what happened to you was not your fault. It will never be. And the way that your brain coped with the abuse is beautiful and nothing to be ashamed of."

"Doesn't feel beautiful," Will muttered, rubbing his eyes.

"Why doesn't it?"

"You're telling me that you like changing my diapers 'nd cleaning up my vomit 'nd dealing with my nightmares."

"I don't mind it," Hannibal told him, "I do enjoy taking care of you."

"Just feel like a burden," Will said, worrying the blanket in between his fingertips. "Like I can't get my shit together."

"You are not a burden," Hannibal told him, rubbing his back. "Would you expect someone else that went through what you did to be healed after only a month?"

"No," Will shook his head.

"Then why do you expect that from yourself?"

Will paused yet again then shrugged. "Don't know… maybe you're right."

"Quite often I am," Hannibal said with a smirk.

Will pushed his shoulder gently but stayed attached to his side. "Don't be a jerk," Will muttered

Hannibal chuckled, "I will try my best."

"I guess everything you said makes sense," Will said.

“Good,” Hannibal said.

“I just hate this feeling,” Will told him.

“What feeling?”

“Like I have no control over my mind,” Will said, “I don’t have control over the whole regression thing. It just… happened and keeps happening.”

“I can understand how that can be scary,” Hannibal told him, “but I do not believe that this will last forever. You’ve already made great progress in the month you’ve been home.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really,” Hannibal told him. “You have been able to process some of the awful things that you have been put through. You've been strong in your adult headspace for ten minutes now. How long have you been regressed?”

“Not sure,” Will shrugged. “I assume a few months because I think it started after Sam stabbed my cheek.”

“Why do you think you started regressing then?” Hannibal asked.

Will huffed but still answered. “I think I realized how fucked I was. Before that, I thought that maybe I could escape. That I just needed an opportunity. After that, I could not talk for a long time because of the excruciating pain. Then, they beat me as punishment. Bad. I couldn’t move even without the restraints. I realized that there was nothing that I could do. All I could do was lay there and hope that someone would come and save me. I felt so helpless and… small. I was scared. So fucking scared. I was tired of being scared. I just… couldn’t take it anymore. So, it just… happened.”

“How did it feel to regress?” Hannibal asked.

“I just felt small,” Will said. That was the only way that he could describe it. Small. Little. “It made everything a little easier, I guess. Especially when they were not there.”

“What would you do when they were not there?” Hannibal asked.

“I would imagine that I was back home with my dogs and that someone was there to take care of me. Kinda what you're doing now.”

“It was your escape,” Hannibal said with a nod.

“Yeah, I guess,” Will said, “now, I just wish that I could come out of it.”

“You’re an adult now,” Hannibal said, “you have been coming back up.”

“I still feel the pull, though,” Will told him, “I still wanna be like that.”

“There is nothing wrong with regressing,” Hannibal told him. “You will likely feel the pull for a while.”

“I figured,” Will said.

“How do you feel when you’re regressed now?” Hannibal asked.

“With you?” Will considered it for a moment. “Safe. Really safe.”

“Right now,” Hannibal said, “that’s all you need.”

“Kay,” Will nodded. “Can I regress now?”

“You do not need my permission,” Hannibal told him. “You do what you think is right.”

“O-okay,” Will nodded. He did not say anything else, simply remaining cuddled into Hannibal side.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Freddie meets her demise.

Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Will spends most of the day big.
Late at night, Hannibal needs to leave.

Chapter Notes

TW- Non-consensual drugging. Not too bad. Hannibal just needs Will to sleep through the night without nightmares.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Time to get up, Darling Boy," Hannibal said. It was nearly eight in the morning, and Hannibal had breakfast ready. Will had been sleeping in much later than Hannibal. The man knew that was not odd. He was not only healing from severe sleep deprivation, but he always needed more sleep than Hannibal. Most people did. Not to mention the nightmares.

"No," Will groaned, rolling away from the man. He was not ready to get up. He was warm and comfortable under the covers. Hannibal would be mean and force him to get up. Breakfast was always good (so was all the food Hannibal made). Sure, Will was grateful for the food. Extremely grateful, as a matter of fact, especially after months of being constantly hungry. No matter how grateful he was, however, it did not mean that he wanted to get up.

"Always a fighter, aren't you," Hannibal said with amusement in his tone.

"Yes," Will nodded. He opened his eyes to look at Hannibal. He could tell that the man was smiling even without his glasses. "It's too early in the morning to be that happy," Will muttered grumpily.

He then suddenly realized that he was not feeling small. He was an adult. He had never felt like an adult when he woke up before. He remembered that he was regressed the previous night. He never came up from regression while sleeping. Not that he had noticed the past couple of weeks that he had been trying to pay attention to it anyway. This whole regression thing was getting more and more weird. He still spent most of his time regressing, but he had spent a couple hours as an adult a few days ago. He came out of his regression for longer and longer periods of time. Maybe he was starting to come out of it for good. He was not sure what to think about that. He did not think he was ready to give this up. Everything about regressing was so… comforting and simple. He wanted that (needed that) after these past nine months in Hell.

He was not ready to give that up.

Hannibal realized that he was an adult. He still ran his hand through his hair. Will now responded well to physical touch, adult or child. At least- his physical touch.

“Hannibal, please,” the man begged, rubbing his eyes. He looked at Hannibal with puppy eyes. “Just don’t wanna get up.”

“Why not?” Hannibal asked.

“‘Cause I’m comfy,” Will said.

“We could get you comfy on the couch after breakfast,” Hannibal told him.

Hannibal was not going to let this go, Will realized. The man huffed, pulling the comforter off of him. He looked at what he was wearing. The sleeper was an aqua green background with a bunch of animals on it. It had bears, rabbits, and foxes. It had trees and acorns on it as well. Forest animals theme?

“Why do you always dress me in ridiculous things?” Will asked with a raised eyebrow. He reached for his glasses on the bedside table and put them on. Yep, just as ridiculous as he thought it was. It might be… cute. Might be.

“Little Will never complains,” Hannibal told him with a smirk. “As a matter of fact, he’s the one who picked out that sleeper.”

“Little Will's also two,” Will snipped.

“Advanced two,” Hannibal said.

Will rolled his eyes. “Whatever you say.” He then did not notice that he did not have a cast on his foot. “When’d I get the cast taken off?”

“Yesterday. You were regressed at the time as the thought of the cast saw scared you quite a bit.”

“Oh,” Will blushed, rubbing his face. He knew that he had been seen out in public while regressed. Of course, he was regressed in the hospital nearly two months ago and Hannibal had taken him out for walks nearly everyday and he had seen many people. Will did not mind it too much, but he hated the thought of embarrassing himself in public. “Please, tell me I didn’t make a fool out of myself in the hospital.” The same hospital that he would probably need to go back to.

“Need I remind you that Little Will is two?” Hannibal asked.

“Advanced two,” Will shot back Hannibal’s own words.

“No matter how advanced, how would you expect a traumatized two year old to react to a very loud and seemingly sharp saw coming after their foot.”

Will squirmed uncomfortably, “I guess I’d expect him to cry. May-maybe scream?”

“Well, you didn’t scream, but you did cry a little bit,” Hannibal said, “there is nothing to be ashamed of.”

“So, I can walk now?” Will said, changing the subject. Hannibal was tempted to point out that his subject changes were getting more obvious, but he did not think that would be the best idea. At least, not while talking about his regression. While he was slowly getting more comfortable about his regression, he was still quite insecure.

"Yes," Hannibal said. "Little Will was not very interested in walking."

"Yeah, 'cause he likes you to coddle him," Will said he stood for the first time in months. His legs felt weak but he was determined to walk.

"And I do gladly," Hannibal said, placing a hand on Will's shoulder to help steady him. "Now, would you like to change?"

"Yeah," Will nodded. He then blushed and looked away. The diaper around his hips was dump and bulky against him. He wanted to change it. The thought of not wearing a diaper was… overwhelming. He wanted to put on another one. "Can you help me?"

"Help you with what?" Hannibal asked.

Hannibal was going to make him say it. "Can you please change me."

Hannibal was not surprised by the question. He obviously liked his diapers. He never commented on them while an adult. He was never an adult long enough to have to endure a diaper change, but there was no way that he did not notice them.

"Would you like to continue wearing protection?" Hannibal asked just to make sure that they were on the same page.

Will nodded.

"Of course, Darling," Hannibal said in a soft tone. The same time that he very often used with little Will. "Let's go to your room."

Hannibal helped Will walk to his room. It was a short trip but he was breathing heavily when Hannibal placed him in his bed.

"What would you like to wear?" Hannibal asked.

"Just a shirt and a pair of jeans," Will said. He did not care what Hannibal picked out for him to wear. He knew that Hannibal did not mind doing this type of stuff for him.

"Will do," Hannibal nodded, "lay back."

Will listened as Hannibal left the room. Laying back on his bed.

"Is this alright?" Hannibal asked, holding up the outfit he picked. It was a plain green long sleeve shirt and blue jeans.

"It's fine," Will nodded.

Hannibal placed the clothes and diaper on the bed. He then turned his attention to Will. He started to unzip the sleeper as he spoke "there is nothing wrong with you wanting to wear diapers. But, I must ask, why do you want to continue wearing diapers as an adult?"

Will looked away from Hannibal as he answered. "They just feel… safe. And- I don't know- I guess that it's a piece of being regressed that I don't wanna let go. At least… not yet."

"That's alright. Nothing's wrong with that," Hannibal told him as he continued to help him dress.

"I can do all that myself," Will said, attempting to take the shirt away from Hannibal. He already let Hannibal put a diaper and his jeans on. That would just be too much.

"I know you can," Hannibal said, pulling the shirt away from Will's hands.

Will huffed then allowed Hannibal to put the shirt over his head. "You don't have to coddle me." It was something he said at least once when he was an adult. It did not stop the coddling. He did not think anything would stop it. Will did not think that he wanted it to. But he thought that he should protest at least a little.

"If you try to feed me I'm going to kick you," Will told him, standing to start to walk toward the dinning room.

"Duly noted," Hannibal said, an amused smirk still plastered on his face as he followed him. He placed a steadying hand on his shoulder.

The bastard would try to feed him. Will knew it.

"What's for breakfast anyway," Will asked, trying to change the subject from Hannibal's continuing babying of him.

"Omelets with ham, spinach, and cheese," Hannibal told him.

"That's… simple," Will said, surprised. Nothing that Hannibal made was that simple. He did not remember much of what Hannibal had been feeding him while he was regressed, but he assumed it was as fancy as he always cooked.

"Little Will has a simpler pallet. He refuses to eat anything with complex flavor," Hannibal explained. "I can make something else if you want."

"No, no," Will shook his head. He did not want to be a burden. "Omelets are fine."

"Good," Hannibal nodded. "Careful down the stairs." He grabbed under Will's arm to assist him.

“Yes, Dad,” Will snapped. He was very tempted to pull away from the older man. But his legs were starting to feel weak. He hated that.

Hannibal raised his eyebrow at Will’s tone. He was not surprised by Will’s snippiness. He was still going through a lot. That did not mean that he appreciated his tone.

Will flushed and looked down at the disapproving look on Hannibal’s face. He hated it when Hannibal got that look.

“Sorry,” Will said, sounding truly sorry.

“Apology accepted,” Hannibal said, giving his arm a reassuring squeeze. They stepped off the stairs and started to walk toward the dinning room. “Come, let’s get breakfast. Maybe you’ll feel better after breakfast.”

“Yeah,” Will nodded, “and maybe after a shower.”

Hannibal knew that Will was asking permission to take a shower. He always did that. Ask his permission for things that he should not. When he was recovering from encephalitis, he would even ask permission to get water. Hannibal tried to explain that he did not have to ask permission for simple things. He never stopped.

“Of course,” Hannibal nodded. Will sat down in his usual spot with a deep sigh. “How do your legs feel?”

“Weak,” Will answered, “like wet noodles.”

Hannibal smiled kindly, “so perhaps you should take a bath here in a bit.”

Will chuckled mostly at himself. “Probably,” he said with a sigh, “I just wish that I would get my strength back.”

“You will,” Hannibal told him, “It’s going to take time.”

“Might have to force Little Will to walk.”

“I will do my best,” Hannibal promised, “but Little Will is just as stubborn as Adult Will.”

Will smirked, “good luck with that.”

Hannibal shook his head. Then, he said, “I will be back with food.”

Will stayed put, listening to Hannibal as he bustled through the kitchen.

“Here you are, My Boy,” Hannibal said as he placed their plates in front of them. There was also a pitcher of orange juice and cups already on the table. Hannibal poured Will a cup.

“Thanks,” Will said, attempting to pick up his fork. It was an attempt because Hannibal was mean and grabbed it before him.

“Hey!” Will explained. “No!” Will turned his head to refuse the food Hannibal was attempting to feed him. “Get outta here,” Will said as he kicked at Hannibal’s legs. He did connect. It was not hard- barely a tap- as he was not trying to hurt Hannibal. He was just trying to keep his promise.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Hannibal said as he ruffled his hair and placed his fork on the plate. Will pulled away from the hand and snatched the fork before Hannibal could change his mind.

“I know you're not,” Will said with a roll of his eyes before he took a bite of food.

Hannibal joined him.

…

“Hannibal?” Will said. He was standing by Hannibal’s side who was sitting in his chair reading. It was late at night and Will had just been watching a show on the T.V.

“Yes, Darling,” Hannibal said, putting the book down to give Will his full attention. Will was swaying on his feet with his blanket tucked under his chin, fisting his right eye under his glasses. He looked very much like a toddler even though he was still an adult. He had been for most of the day. He only slipped for a few hours in the afternoon.

“I don’t feel good,” Will told him. He shook his head. He could feel Little Will want to take over. He tried not to let him take over. He wanted to be able to explain how he was feeling. It came on pretty suddenly. Could be the flu.

“What’s the matter?” Hannibal said, looking at the clock. They just finished dessert thirty minutes ago. What he slipped into Will’s portion was supposed to take an hour to take effect. He just hoped that it did not have too many ill effects. He just wanted Will to sleep through the night. Not make him sick.

“I’m just really tired,” Will said.

Hannibal smirked. “I told you to take a nap,” he told him.

“Didn’t need one,” Will whined, a bit of Little Will coming through.

“Alright, my boy,” Hannibal placated the man. “Is there anything else?”

“My head really hurts,” Will complained, “and- and I feel nauseous.”

“Come here,” Hannibal said with his arms out. Surprisingly, Will did not hesitate to drop into Hannibal’s lap. Maybe Little Will was closer to the surface than he thought. Maybe- just maybe- he could let himself slip. He wanted to because he felt so bad. Just let Hannibal take care of him. He did explain what was going on.

Hannibal felt Will's forehead. It was not warm. That was a good sign. "No fever," Hannibal observed. He ran his fingers through his hair. "Does anything else hurt?"

"No," Will shook his head.

Hannibal hummed, seemingly in concentration. "Well, let's get you to bed then."

"'Kay," Will nodded, making his way to get up.

"No you don't," Hannibal said, standing with the boy in his arms.

"No," Will whined, squirming a bit in Hannibal's arms. "I can walk."

"I know, but you don't feel good," Hannibal said. "So, let's just get you to bed."

"'Kay," Will nodded in agreement. He relaxed into Hannibal's body. He felt himself go under for the second time that day and did not have the energy to fight it. He was not sure he would want to if he did. "I go ni now."

"Yes, my Sweet, Darling Boy," Hannibal said, rubbing the boy's back as he climbed up the stairs.

"T'ank you, Hanni'," Will said, bringing his fingers to his mouth.

"You're welcome," Hannibal said, checking Will's diaper. He was not wet which was not surprising. He helped Will change his diaper an hour ago. "Alright, Down you go," Hannibal said, placing the boy in his bed and tucking the boy in.

"Teddy 'nd binky?" Will asked, "p'ease."

"Here's your teddy," Hannibal said, handing the boy his teddy which was left on the bed that day. Will tucked his teddy into his chest. "And here is your pacifier," Hannibal said, tapping the paci to his lips. Will opened his mouth to accept the comfort item.

"T'ank you, Hanni'," Will said, eyes immediately slipping closed. "Stay?"

"Of course, Darling," Hannibal nodded as he sat down on the bed, rubbing the boy's back. It did not take long for Will to fall asleep.

Hannibal smiled down at his boy, kissing his head as he left the room. He was off to Freddie's apartment.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, will begin Freddie's torment.
Do you guys want to actually see Freddie's murder or do you want it to be hinted at?

Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Freddy's torment begins.

Chapter Notes

TW- Torture. It's of Freddie, though.

I'm so sorry. I know I keep promising I'll kill Freddie. This chapter would have simply have been too long if I were to kill her. Next chapter. I really do promise this time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal sat outside of Freddie's apartment. He was not hesitant about what he wanted to do. He had never been hesitant about a kill. He just hated being separated from Will. All he could think about was Will who was regressed and home alone. Even though what he gave Will would cause him to sleep through the night and likely well into the next morning. He was not going to wake up. That did not stop the anxiety slowly growing in his chest.

Hannibal breathed slowly and clenched and unclenched his steering wheel to get his mind off of Will. He needed his mind completely focused on the present. He could not slip up. Slipping up could be detrimental not to himself but also to Will. If Hannibal left any evidence, then he would be arrested. Then, who knows what would happen to Will.

Hannibal took one more deep breath before opening his car door. The man took a hammer out of his kill bag. He was going to make this death slow and painful. It was not often that he brought victims home, but this was a special circumstance.

He slowly made his way to her apartment so as not to make a sound. It was midnight so it was likely that very few people were awake. But still, some humans stay up too long. He did not want anyone to hear anything suspicious.

Hannibal tried the doorknob to Freddie's apartment with his gloved hand. It was unlocked. Hannibal smirked. He did not know if Freddie routinely kept her door unlocked, but even if she did not she was an idiot for keeping it unlocked now.

He slowly opened the door. He heard the sound of pop music playing in the other room and the typing of a keyboard. So, Freddie was working on her next lie. Hannibal felt anger spread

through him before he stomped it out. He could not let his emotions about WIll get in the way of his goal. He buried his emotions expertly.

The noise became louder as he made his way through Freddie's apartment. He was tempted to move things around. Make it obvious that he was there before they found the blood stain that would be in her bedroom. He, however, did not have time to waste. He needed to get back to Will.

He slowly and silently made his way to Freddie's room. He stood over her shoulder for a moment. It seemed that she was working on an article about an actual killer. That was a surprise.

Freddie paused in her actions and Hannibal tightened his grip on his hammer. She felt his presence and he would have to move fast. As she turned he brought the hammer down on her head.

She went limp, banging her head on her desk. She was fortunately still breathing simply unconscious. Good. She did not deserve the mercy of a quick death.

He left the hammer on the desk. It was a dime a dozen hammer that would never be traced back to him. It would simply throw off investigators. At least for a moment.

He then lifted her over his shoulder and carried her out of the apartment.

Part one of his plan was complete.

…

Freddie came around slowly. The first thing that she registered was that her head was pounding excruciatingly. Then she felt a pulsating throb in her right wrist.

She opened her eyes not knowing what to expect. She was in a dimly lit room, strapped down to a metal table. Her head lulled to the side to look at her hand. She felt sick to her stomach when she saw a stark white bandage.

Her right hand was missing.

"You are finally awake, Ms. Lounds," she heard a deep, accented voice say. Her head snapped toward the man, ignoring the pain in her neck.

"Dr. Lecter?" She asked. Hannibal smirked at the fear in her voice.

"Welcome back," Hannibal smiled. It was a cold, dark, sinister smile. Nowhere near the true, happy smile that he would give Will when he was being adorable or anytime really.

Freddie felt her blood run cold at the smile. She started to try and struggle against her bindings. Her limbs, however, felt heavy. Her head jerked to the other side. Her right side. That was when she noticed something that she did not see before. An IV hooked into the crook of her arm.

“What the hell are you giving me?”

“Just something to keep you calm and mostly immobile,” Hannibal told her. He did not give her the name of the drugs mostly to add to the feeling of uneasiness that he knew she was experiencing.

She then started screaming. Words such as “help”, “somebody”, and “hello”.

Hannibal smirked, amusement on his face. He waited until Freddie ran out of breath to speak. “You may scream as loud as you wish,” Hannibal told her. “A good friend of mine built this basement for me. It is completely soundproof. Not even Will can hear you upstairs.”

“Why are you doing this to me?”

The question made rage flood through Hannibal. He slammed his hand against a table with medical supplies that he would need. It always scared him how emotional Will could make him. No one else could make him react this way. At the moment, he pushed that fear away as he always did.

“Because you hurt Will,” Hannibal said slowly, quiet rage still in his voice. “Did you that he has cried over what you have written about him?” Hannibal told her, remembering a specific session that they had where Will was extremely upset about what she wrote about him to the point of tears. He did not remember what that particular article was about, he just remembered that he had been upset. It was not the first time that Will had been upset over something Freddie had written, but it was the first time that he was brought to tears.

“Why do you care so much?” Freddie asked in an almost mocking tone.

“Because,” Hannibal started, “Will is mine. You have hurt what is mine. No one does that and lives.”

“I know that you have seen I have amputated your right hand,” Hannibal continued when Freddie did nothing but stare at him with a horrified expression. Freddie nodded. “I am going to amputate your left hand.”

Freddie’s eyes widened in horror. He was going to do that. While she was awake this time. “Please,” Freddie whispered, barely able to talk. “Just kill me.”

“I’m sorry Ms. Lounds,” Hannibal said, not feeling at all sorry. “But you do not deserve a quick death.” He then put a cloth in her mouth that served as a gag.

“Now, no more words. I must focus,” Hannibal said. That did not stop Freddie from attempting to talk. Perhaps he would remove her tongue… or larynx. Hannibal said his plans out loud, causing Freddie to attempt to make an up roar and weaky pulling on her restraints. The adrenaline coursing through her veins did not stop the effects of the drugs.

“Do hold still,” Hannibal said, although she was hardly moving, “this will go much quicker if you hold still.”

He slowly cut into Freddie's flesh on her wrist. He was careful to not cut too deep too fast so as to not cause her to bleed out. When the bleeding became nearly uncontrollable, he cauterized her wounds, effectively stopping the bleeding with a hot knife. It was a much more barbaric way than would be used in a hospital or medical setting. It was not that he did not have the means to do the procedure in a more humane way. He simply did not want to.

He said all of this out loud. He did not know if Freddie could hear him over her screaming. The screaming became background noise as Hannibal continued to work. He explained exactly what he was going to do with her body. What organs he was going to remove and what meals he was going to make with her leftovers. How she was going to nourish the very man she tormented for years.

"And don't worry," Hannibal said, as he fully removed the appendage. "I will put your body in the forest. I know you're not the biggest fan of nature, but you will also nourish the plants and animals that Will loves so much."

Eventually, Freddie passed out. Both due to the pain and the smell of her own burning flesh.

Hannibal hummed, "that's unfortunate."

He wrapped the hand in plastic wrap. There was not much that he could make from a couple of hands, but they would do for now. He then wrapped Freddie's wound, made sure her IV was still in place and removed her gag.

He would come visit once he woke again. If Will was not awake, that was. He would keep her alive for a day or two and continue to remove body parts. Then, he would allow her to die.

…

Hannibal took a shower to remove sweat and grime from his skin. It was nearly three in the morning before he climbed into bed with Will. Will was still sleeping in the position Hannibal left him in. So, he had not woken up. Hannibal sighed in relief.

Will groaned as Hannibal stilled into the bed. Will cracked his eyes open and looked at the man.

"Hanni," Will said in a deep, croaking voice. "What you doin'?"

That was a loaded question, Hannibal thought to himself, thinking of the woman he had tied up in his basement. He hated to lie to the boy, but he said, "I was just going potty, Dear Boy."

"Oh," Will said, resting his head on Hannibal's chest and snuggling into Hannibal's side. He suckled on his pacifier and held his teddy and blankie. He still felt so, so sleepy. His head and tummy felt better, though.

"Go back to sleep, Baby," Hannibal told him, rubbing the boy's back. "Hanni's right here."

"Ni," Will said, easily closing his eyes and falling asleep within seconds.

“Goodnight, Darling,” Hannibal said, wrapping his arm around Will’s waist and falling into a deep sleep himself.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Will has a flashback when he wakes up due to the drugs Hannibal gave him.
Then, Hannibal finally kills Freddie.

Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Freddie finally dies.

Chapter Notes

So much happens in this chapter. Sorry if it seems rushed. I tried not to make it seem like that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning, Hannibal woke up before Will. He was currently cleaning his tools in the basement. Freddie's mutilated body was next to him. She was still tied down. He had just removed her larynx and tongue. She could no longer talk. No longer scream. No longer spread her lies. She was unconscious once again. From the pain. He could leave her here. Eventually, it would become too hard to breathe without her larynx. She would suffocate. That was a very painful and scary way to go.

Hannibal smirked. What a fitting way for her to go, Hannibal thought as he put a scalpel to the side to dry.

He heard Will shuffle in bed through his baby monitor. He got the baby monitor about a couple of months ago when he realized that Will cried too quietly to be heard when he was in distress. It was a simple audio baby monitor. Hannibal could make sure that Will was still sleeping peacefully and hear him when he woke up or cried when he was downstairs.

Hannibal continued to listen to Will as he sniffled and squirmed in bed. He was obviously waking up. Hannibal took off his bloody gloves and plastic suit so that he could go up to get Will. It was nearly ten in the morning. Will would desperately need a diaper change and food and water.

"H-Hanni'," Hannibal heard Will's gruff voice. He cleared his throat. "Where you?"

Hannibal heard Will move around, probably trying to stand up to find him. "Stay right there, Will," Hannibal said through the baby monitor.

"Hanni'?" Will questioned, sounding confused.

“I’m in the living room,” Hannibal told him through the monitor. “I’ll be there in a couple of moments.”

“Kay,” Will said. Hannibal would practically see the boy nodding, sitting on the bed like the good boy he was. Will remained quiet for a moment before there was a blood curdling scream.

“Will!” Hannibal exclaimed, breaking out into a sprint. He dropped his side of the baby monitor.

“Will, my Darling, what’s wrong?” Hannibal asked when he entered their room. Will was cowering in the corner of the bed with his knees to his chest. After his first scream, he dissolved into his normal quiet sobs. His eyes were glued to the furthest corner of the room. He was practically vibrating from feat. Flashback, perhaps, Hannibal thought to himself as he walked calmly toward the bed.

“No, no, no, no,” Will rambled, curling up tighter, “p’ease p’ease no hurt me. P’ease, p’ease.”

Hannibal sat on the bed, holding Will’s face in his hands so that he would look at him. “Will, Darling Boy, look at Hanni’.”

“H-Hanni’?” Will whimpered, finally looking at the man. He did not move. He was still too scared although all he wanted was to be in Hannibal’s arms. He could not make himself move. Not when the bad man was in there with him. “Hanni’. P’ease, p’ease make Bad Man go away.”

Hannibal looked into the corner of the room. Of course, there was nothing in the corner. Nothing but the book shelf and chairs that were always there.

“Will, my precious, Dear Boy,” Hannibal cooed. He scooped his boy up and placed him in his lap. He ran his fingers through Will’s hair and rubbed his back. He covered the boy with his blanket and pressed the pacifier to his lips. Will immediately started suckling on the pacifier. “There is no one in the corner.”

“Is, is, is,” Will shouted, pointing to the corner of the room. How couldn’t Hannibal see him? He was right there. He was tall with spiky blond hair and green eyes. He had blood on his dark clothes because Will hurt him. He was making fun of his binky and Hannibal holding him. Will covered his ears with his hands to make the mean voice stop. He did not want to give up his binkie or Hannibal. Hannibal had to make him go away. “Make ‘im go ‘way, Da-. Make ‘im go ‘way.”

Hannibal continued holding his boy. He did not miss the slip. He almost called him Daddy. Hannibal smiled. While he hated that Will was in distress, he would love it if Will would called him Daddy.

Hannibal did not say anything else. He simply continued to rock back and forth.

“Dada, Dada, Dada,” Will babbled, “p’ease, p’ease make ‘im go ‘way.”

“There is nothing in the room but us, Darling,” Hannibal said, trying to convince him of the truth. He was used to Will’s hallucinations. The insistence that he was seeing someone or something that was not there.

“Dada, p’ease,” Will gasped, still crying and staring at something that was not there and covering his ears. “Dada, p’ease. I be so good. I be so good. P’ease make ‘im go. Dada, p’ease. I be so good.”

Will continued to beg him to make it go away, promising that he would be ‘so good’. Even after several moments, Will did not stop. Hannibal could not stand that his little boy was in so much distress. He had never humored one of Will’s hallucinations before. Then again, he had never been this distraught by a hallucination. He had always been able to bring him out of it.

Will screamed once again. Yelling that the bad man was getting closer. So, he did the only thing that he could think of at the moment. He yelled at the “Bad Man” in the corner of the room. He told him to go away. Told him that he was no longer welcome in his home.

Will startled at Hannibal’s shouting at first, but then he realized that he was shouting at the bad man. Will looked at where the bad man was. He was no longer there. Will looked all over the room. He was gone. Dada- Hanni’ made the bad man go away. Dada made the bad man go away.

“Bad Man go bye-bye,” Will said with a sniffle. Will’s jaw trembled, sobbing in relief. “T’ank ‘ou, Dada. T’ank ‘ou.”

“Shh, shh, Darling Boy,” Hannibal cooed into the boy’s ear. “There is no need to thank me.” Hannibal felt something that he had not felt in a long time. Guilt. He knew why Will had the hallucination. It was because of him. Because of the drug. He tried to stifle the guilt by telling himself that he needed to do it so that he could kidnap and kill Freddie. He even tried placing the guilt on Freddie. If she would have left Will alone one of the dozens of times that he asked, Hannibal would not have had to kill her. But the fact of the matter was that he was to blame.

Never again, Hannibal promised himself.

“I will always keep you safe, Mylimas,” Hannibal said, “I promise.”

…

Will and Hannibal went through their normal routine. Hannibal changed Will’s soaked diaper and got him dressed from the day. They went downstairs and ate breakfast. He then got a bottle of milk which he drank while cuddled up to Hannibal’s side. After breakfast and his bottle, all Will wanted to do was cuddle on the couch.

“Still s’eepy, Da,” Will complained, rubbing his eyes. He had been calling him that all morning. He had apologized once, thinking that he overstepped some sort of invisible barrier. Hannibal assured him that he could call him whatever he wanted to. Rather it was Hani’ or Dada. Hannibal would be glad to be Will’s Dada.

“Perhaps a bath will help you feel better,” Hannibal said, rubbing the poor boy’s back.

“Maybe,” Will said, suckling lazily on his binky.

“Let’s go, then,” Hannibal said.

“T’ank ‘ou, Da,” Will said. Will was always polite, but now he was being overly so. Whether that was because of the hallucination or the new name he was calling Hannibal, he did not know. He allowed him and he hoped that he would become more settled as the day went on.

“You’re welcome,” Hannibal said as he carried him to the bathroom.

He placed him down on the ground and removed his clothes and diaper after turning on the bath water.

“Dada, I get. I get fishies, p’ease?” Will asked, pointing at the cabinet that contained all his bath toys.

“Of course, Darling,” Hannibal said. Under normal circumstances, Hannibal wanted to give Will everything that he wanted. Now, he especially did due to the guilt still coursing through his veins.

Will smiled past his binky and took out his favorite bath toys. He gently tossed them into the tub.

“Wan’ get fishies,” Will said, crawling to the tub. Hannibal picked up the boy to put him in the tub after getting his pacifier taken out of his mouth. Will did not complain, sighing as the warm water enveloped him. It felt so nice, especially since his muscles were a bit sore.

“Get the fishies, Sweet Boy,” Hannibal told him, smiling at him. He ran a hand through the boy’s hair. It was getting slightly greasy as he had not washed his hair with his daily baths in a couple of days. He would need to during this bath time. Thankfully, Will had gotten better about his hair being washed. He was not as scared anymore.

“Hair or body first?” Hannibal asked after he allowed Will to play for a few minutes.

“Body,” Will answered instantly.

“Good choice,” Hannibal praised as he always did. He slowly and gently scrubbed his body clean. Will yawned midway through. He rubbed his eyes, but he still played with his toys despite being tired.

“I s’ill s’eepy, Dada,” Will complained again.

“Maybe we should take a little nap after your bath then,” Hannibal said.

“But it early, Dada,” Will whined with a pout.

“I know, Mylimas,” Hannibal said with a placating tone. “But if you’re tired then you need rest.”

“Oh,” Will whispered, but he did not protest any further. That was very unlike him, but Hannibal did not comment. “I’ll even allow you an extra bottle,” Hannibal promised.

“‘nother baba?” Will asked with a smile. Dada normally only let him have a baba in the morning after breakfast then before bed.

“Yes, Darling Boy,” Hannibal smiled. “Let’s do your hair first, though.”

“Alright,” Will nodded.

Hannibal quickly washed Will’s hair. While he was much better about it, it was still not his favorite thing in the world.

“All done, Darling Boy,” Hannibal said, “would you like to get out or would you like to play for a little longer?”

“Out, Dada,” Will said with a yawn. “I s’eepy ‘nd wan’ baba.”

“Alright, Darling Boy,” Hannibal said, running his hand through the baby’s hair. “We can get out.”

Hannibal spread out a towel on the floor to place his boy on. He then quickly dried him, diapered him, and rubbed lotion into his skin.

“Feel nice, Dada,” Will yawed, rubbing his eyes because he was so, so tired. Maybe Dada was right. Maybe he needed a nap. He did not want to though.

“Good, let’s get you dressed,” Hannibal said, giving the baby back his pacifier. He picked out a thin light blue sleeper with a puppy face on it. It was Will’s favorite pajamas.

“Puppy,” Will smiled, reaching out for his jammies.

“Let’s get you dressed, Darling Boy,” Hannibal said, putting the sleeper on the baby.

“Baba now, Dada?” Will asked.

“Yes, Darling,” Hannibal said.

“T’ank ‘ou, Dada,” Will said. “I ‘ove ‘ou.”

“I love you too,” Hannibal said, kissing the side of his head.

Will took out his binkie to kiss Hannibal’s cheek. Hannibal smiled at Will’s show of affection. “What a sweet baby.”

He did not attempt to put Will down to make his bottle like he normally would. He was much too clingy after his hallucination and did not want to cause any more distress. Thankfully, it was still easy enough to make a bottle one handed while holding his boy.

“T’ank ‘ou, Dada,” Will said, reaching for his bottle. Hannibal gave the boy his bottle. He handed Dada his binkie and placed the bottle in his mouth before Dada even sat down.

“You’re welcome,” Hannibal said. He sat down on the couch, placing the baby in his lap so he could drink comfortably. Will placed his head on Dada’s shoulder. Dada placed his blankie around him and handed him his teddy.

“Dada hold,” Will said, handing the bottle to his Dada. “P’ease.”

“Of course, Darling Boy,” Hannibal said, holding the bottle for his baby.

Will’s eyes fluttered closed. He felt the pull of sleep. He did not fight it too hard, and he was mostly dozing before he finished his bottle.

“All done, Darling,” Hannibal said, pulling the bottle out of the baby’s mouth. Will whined, squirming in Hannibal’s lap in protest. “Shh,” Hannibal cooed, placing the pacifier in his mouth. Once he was suckling, his eyes closed again. Hannibal rocked slowly as he patted Will’s back and bottom.

He was asleep in no time.

…

Hannibal continued to hold the baby for several long minutes. He listened to Will’s suckling noises and soft snores. He knew that he had to check on Freddie. See if she was still alive and prepare to dump her body if she was.

He gently placed the baby on the couch, tucking his blanket around the boy as he was starting to get goose bumps. Hannibal hummed in concern. The boy never complained of being cold in the house and it was the same temperature as always. He felt the boy’s forehead this time truly concerned that he might have a fever. He did not, and he did not have the smell of illness. Probably just the drug that was still getting out of his system.

Hannibal kissed the top of the baby’s head. Then, he went to set up the baby monitor in the living room and then went down into the basement.

Freddie looked pale. Deathly so. He checked her pulse. She no longer had one. Hannibal smirked. Sure, he wanted her to live a while longer, but this worked too.

He sat up to remove organs to prepare meals later.

Much later that night (around midnight) Hannibal once again left the house to set up Freddie’s body in the woods. He knew that she would eventually be found. If he never wanted her to be found, he would have made it that way. He knew that it would take at least a week for her to be found. In that time, she would decompose further and feed the animals.

It was perfect.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Jack asks Hannibal a few questions about Freddie's disappearance. This causes adult Will to lie to protect Hannibal. Will and Hannibal then have a talk about just how much Will knows.

Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Hannibal realizes just how much Will knows

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It had been a week since Hannibal had tortured and murdered Freddie Lounds then left her to rot in the woods. Life went on for that week as it always did. For the first few days, Will stayed firmly in his regressed headspace. Thankfully, once the drug was out of his system, he was back to his happy, carefree self. He was no longer tired or withdrawn, and he did not have another hallucination. He still called Hannibal 'Dada' or 'Da' which the man loved. It made his chest feel warm. Adult Will came out every once and a while. Normally after breakfast. He normally regressed back down sometime in the late afternoon or early evening.

Of course, there were exceptions to this. Some days he woke up big and some nights he went to bed big. Some days he still stayed little all day. His headspace was still a bit unpredictable. Will did not seem to mind that too much anymore. More calm and confident in his headspaces. As a matter of fact, Hannibal was sure that Little Will and Adult Will joined forces to convince Hannibal to take him to see his dogs over the weekend. It did not take much convincing, but it was still adorable to Hannibal.

It was Saturday, and Hannibal was packing lunch to take with them for when they visited the dogs. Just sandwiches (or san'miches as Little Will called them), chips, and carrots. He also had breakfast in the oven.

Hannibal then heard a heavy knocking on his door. Hannibal took an annoyed breath as he sat a butter knife down to walk to the door. He opened it and was surprised to see Jack on the other side of his door. Jack came around at least once a week as he wanted to be a part of Will's life and Will (big or little) had yet to say anything negative about it. He actually seemed to be surprisingly comfortable around him. And, Hannibal knew that having more people in his life would ultimately help Will in the long run so he allowed it. Jack, however, never came around without asking beforehand.

"Jack," Hannibal said, plastering a small smile on his face. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

Jack looked hesitant. Almost like he did not want to be there. Or he did not want to do what he had to do next. Perhaps both. "Unfortunately, Hannibal, this is a professional visit. May I come in?"

"Of course," Hannibal said, opening his door wide to allow Jack in. "Would you like some coffee?"

Jack nodded, “sure.” He followed Hannibal into the kitchen.

Hannibal poured a cup for Jack. He then asked, “do you require assistance on a case?” as if he did not know what exactly Jack was here for. He knew that Freddie’s body was found the day before. He was waiting for Jack’s visit. For his questions.

He went back to packing lunches as Jack began to talk.

“No,” Jack shook his head. “I have some questions.”

“What about?”

“Freddie Lounds,” Jack answered, watching Hannibal for any reaction. Hannibal did not give him a reaction. He would not. Never did.

“I heard she went missing,” Hannibal said casually.

“She was murdered, Hannibal,” Jack said. “It was grotesque.” he went on to describe the state of the body. How the hands were crudely removed and the larynx and tongue were removed surgically. Other body parts were missing both inside and out. Some of which Hannibal did not take.

“That sounds like she fell victim to the Chesapeake Ripper,” Hannibal said, fighting back a smirk. He was happy to take credit for the murder of Freddie.

“We are working on that angle,” Jack told him. He sighed, rubbing his eyes, “I hate to ask, but where were you last Friday around midnight?”

“Last Friday around midnight I would have been sleeping,” Hannibal told him.

“Is there anyone that would corroborate that?”

“Will was here, of course,” Hannibal said.

“And he was sleeping too,” Jack told him with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes but…” Hannibal did not get the opportunity to continue when a soft voice spoke up from behind the corner.

“I had nightmares.”

Hannibal and Jack turned in surprise. Neither had heard him enter. He stood a few feet away from them, looking a bit uncomfortable. He was uncomfortable. He did not want to lie (Hannibal hated it), but he knew that he needed to corroborate Hannibal’s alibi.

“I had nightmares,” Will repeated now that they had their attention. He looked at Hannibal straight in the eyes. “Hanniba is always there for me.”

“Are you sure you had nightmares last Friday?” Jack asked.

“I have them every night. Multiple times a night,” Will answered. “Hannibal was there for me.”

Jack nodded his understanding. “Sorry to interrupt your morning. Just had to investigate every possible avenue.”

“Of course, we understand,” Hannibal said.

“Have a nice day,” Jack said as he led himself out.

The door opened and closed and Jack’s car started. There was a slight tension in the air. Will opened his mouth in an attempt to break it, but Hannibal beat him to it.

“You lied,” Hannibal told him as finished packing. He looked Will in the eyes. Will looked down to avoid eye contact.

“Yeah,” Will nodded. The man sighed. He might as well tell Hannibal everything he knew despite what the consequences might be. “I didn’t want Jack to take you away.”

“Why would Jack take me away,” Hannibal asked. He knew exactly why. He just wanted to hear Will say it.

“Because you killed Freddie,” Will said in a quiet voice as if he was scared to admit it. Scared of Hannibal or at least scared of what Hannibal might do. Hannibal hated that thought.

“How do you know that?” Hannibal asked, still relaxed. He was not angry at Will, and the other man did not seem to be too frightened. More so frightened about Hannibal’s reaction. He would not give a negative reaction.

Will hesitated a moment before speaking.Hannibal was not angry, and it was the truth. That thought comforted him slightly. So, he opened his mouth and said, “you’re the Chesapeake Ripper.”

“That’s a grave accusation,” Hannibal said. He did not sound offended. He sounded like he was reciting a well known fact.

“I know,” Will nodded.

“What makes you think I’ve done those horrible things?” Hannibal asked. He was not denying it as he could never lie to Will. Never.

“I figured it out while I was recovering from the encephalitis,” Will answered. He then shrugged with a slight smirk. “You’re pretty conspicuous when my brain’s not boiling.”

“Why did you never tell me?” Hannibal asked.

“I was going to,” Will said, “I was thinking about how the night I was kidnapped. I didn’t want there to be any secrets between us.”

“And you never thought about telling Jack?” Hannibal asked. He stepped closer to Will.

“Oh, I thought about it,” Will told him, looking back down in shame. He did not step back from Hannibal. He was not scared. Hannibal would not hurt him. He knew that. Had known for a long time. “A lot. I hate to admit that I nearly ratted you out several times.”

“What stopped you?” Hannibal asked. He was now right in front of Will. He put his hand on Will’s cheek. Will leaned into the warm touch. Hannibal was not mad at him. Not even that he was going to tell Jack. His eyes were still soft and kind. Not hard or scary like he knew they could be when he was angry at people.

“You're the only person that’s ever understood me,” Will said, looking him in the eyes. “In more ways than one.”

“How do you know I won’t turn on you?” Hannibal asked.

It was not a threat, Will realized. He just wanted to know what he would say. It was a test. Will wanted to pass.

“Because you’ve had too many opportunities. You could have killed me the first time I was rude to you or when I was recovering here. Or even sometime after I came back. You never did. Never even tried,” Will answered. “You’ve never kept a victim around this long. At least, not without keeping them hostage.”

“You are not my victim,” Hannibal said gently, running a hand through Will’s tangled hair.

“I know,” Will said, with a nod. “I think we feel the same way about each other. We can’t live without each other and we don’t want to hurt each other. Do we?”

“I never want to hurt you, Will,” Hannibal told him. It was honest. He never wanted to hurt Will. That’s why he killed Freddie. He could not stand the thought of Will being hurt. That was also why he told him about encephalitis. He could not stand Will crying and scared about things that were going on inside his own mind. Not when he could fix it. Not when he could help him.

Will felt a wave of affection go through him at the assurance. He knew that Hannibal was not lying. He never did. Will wrapped his arms around the man. Hannibal was surprised but he wrapped his arms around the boy.

“No more secrets, please?” Will asked, practically begged.

“No more secrets,” Hannibal agreed.

“Good,” Will nodded. He then smiled. “I’m gonna go get ready. We’re gonna see the dogs.”

Will practically jumped away from Hannibal to go up the stairs.

“Oh, and Hannibal!” Will shouted from the bottom of the stairs. Hannibal walked into the living room.

“What is it, Darling?” Hannibal asked.

“Next time you kill someone we hate, let me have a chance at them,” Will smiled sweetly as if he did not just offer to murder someone with Hannibal.

Hannibal could not help but smile. “Of course, Darling.”

Hannibal continued to smile as he walked to the kitchen. He knew that he now had Will in all ways. The way that he always wanted him.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Will and Hannibal goes to see his dogs. This might also start the beginning of the end for the rest of Will's tormentors.

This story is going to start to come to an end soon. It will end with Sammy, Dan, and Travis' deaths. I do want to continue this series in some way (I already have an idea for Frederick Chilton to come into the story (yes, he will also die)) does anyone have any ideas? Maybe things for little one-shots.

Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Will sees his puppies. Super short and fluffy chapter

Chapter Notes

I might be so high on pain meds while writing this (appendicitis fucking sucks). So, if there are any issues that's why.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“C’mon, it’s time to go,” Will said as he practically bounced into the room.

Hannibal smiled at the younger man and his infectious excitement. He looked Will up and down. He was wearing a gray undershirt with a red flannel and blue jeans. His backpack was on his back. He looked very much like his adult self, but with the way that he was bouncing around Hannibal could tell that his little side was close to the surface.

“Wait a moment, Darling,” Hannibal said, placing his hands on Will’s shoulders.

“I want to see my puppies,” Will said, shifting his weight from foot to foot. “Please.”

“We will see your puppies soon,” Hannibal told him. “First, I want to make sure that you’re prepared.”

“I am. I am. I promise,” Will said.

“You did your injection?” Hannibal asked, talking about his testosterone that he recently started taking again. Will nodded.

“And you got changed?”

Will nodded. “Yeah.”

“And you made sure your backpack was full?” Hannibal asked.

“Yes, yes. I even put my blankie and teddy in there in case I slip,” Will told him, knowing that he was close to slipping because of how happy and excited he was. He was obviously getting impatient. He bounced on his toes. “Please, please. I needta see them.”

“Alright, Mylimas, we shall go now,” Hannibal told him, wrapping an arm around his shoulders to lead him out the door.

“Yey!” Will said, clapping.

…

“Drive faster, Dada. Drive faster,” Will said, rocking gently in his seat. He started regressing quickly the moment that he was in the car. He did not try to fight it. Now, he was deep in his headspace. “P’ease.”

“I am sorry, Darling. Dada cannot drive any faster,” Hannibal told him.

“Why not?” Will asked, cocking his head.

“I still must follow the laws,” Hannibal explained.

“Dada doesn’t a’ways follow da laws,” Will said, crossing his arms with a heavy pout.

Hannibal knew exactly what his boy was talking about. He could not help but smile. “That might be true,” Hannibal began, “but if I break the laws of the road then I will be caught.”

“So?” Will raised his eyebrows.

“So, it would then take longer to get to your puppies,” Hannibal explained.

“Oh,” Will slumped in his seat. “No fair.”

“We only have fifteen more minutes,” Hannibal assured.

“That a long time,” Will complained with a slight whine.

“Perhaps,” Hannibal said, “but I promise it’s not that long.”

“Fine, Dada,” Will said, chewing the corner of his blankie. Hannibal allowed it as they would be at his house soon.

“I probably should have told you sooner,” Hannibal said. And he would have if he did not think that it would cause Will to be nervous. He would not have wanted to be in a car with a nervous toddler the whole way to his house. “But Alana is going to be there.”

“Why ‘lana?” Will asked, confused.

“She has been taking care of your puppies while you have been unable to,” Hannibal explained.

“Oh,” Will nodded.

“Is that alright?”

“Yeah, I guess,” Will said, tapping his fingers nervously.

Just then, Hannibal had to stop at a red light.

“Oh, no,” Will whined, pointing at the car in front of them. “Beep beep da car, Dada.”

“I am not going to beep beep the car, Darling,” Hannibal said, shaking his head.

“T’mon, Dada,” Will said with a smirk.

“The answer is no,” Hannibal said.

“Awe.”

Hannibal chuckled as he started to drive forward when the light turned green.

“How mush longer, Dada?” Will asked.

“A couple more minutes.”

As Hannibal started to drive down the familiar driveway, Will practically squealed in excitement, flapping his hands. He was so excited.

Hannibal did not comment on the boy’s obvious excitement. He smiled as he parked.

“Are you ready to see your puppies?”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” Will said, squirming and attempting to take off his seat belt. “I see my puppies. I see my puppies.”

“One second, my boy,” Hannibal said, getting out of the car and coming to Will’s side. He helped the squirming boy out of his seatbelt and out of the car.

“Where my puppies? Where my puppies?” Will said, bouncing on his toes.

Just then, the door to his house opened and six of his dogs came barreling out. Will’s smile was megawatt, kneeling down so that he could pet all his dogs. They all pawed at and licked at Will’s face. Squirming just as much as the little boy. They barked and yipped.

“M-my puppies. M-my puppies,” Will stuttered, hardly able to talk because he was so happy.

“Winston, come on buddy,” Will heard Alana say. Will looked up from petting Buster. He noticed that Winston was not outside.

“Win’ton! Win’ton!” Will shouted, standing up in a way that still allowed him to touch the biggest of his puppies. “‘mere, Win’ton! I miss you!”
Fast as lighting, the requested dog bolted out of the house and to Will. Winston jumped up on the boy’s chest (which was something that Will definitely taught him not to do). This knocked the boy over onto his bottom.

“Are you alright, Darling?” Hannibal asked, concern in his tone.

“Yeah,” Will giggled as Winston ran circles around him and whined. “It jus’ Winston.”

Alana walked over to where Hannibal was standing and smiling at Will playing with his dogs.

“I haven’t seen them this lively in months,” Alana said, “especially Winston.”

“I can imagine,” Hannibal said. He then explained that he had been talking to Will about taking all the dogs into Hannibal’s house. They were currently talking about building an extension to the home specifically for the dogs.

“That would be so good for Will and the dogs,” Alana said with a smile. “When do you think that you’ll start?”

“I’ve been looking into contractors. Hopefully, they will be able to start next week,” Hannibal answered.

“That’s great news,” Alana said.

“I know that will be a lot of stress off of you,” Hannibal said.

“It’s not too big of a deal,” Alana told him, “it might honestly feel weird after nearly a year of caring for them.”

“Hopefully, you’ll be able to return to a state of normalcy after.

“Yeah, hopefully,” Alana smiled.

…

After having lunch on the front porch (because Will refused to go any closer to the house) and after hours of playing with the dogs, Hannibal told Will it was time to go.

“No, Dada, no time a go,” Will protested, hugging Buster to his chest. The dog licked his left cheek.

“Sorry, my boy,” Hannibal apologized, “but we’ve already been here longer than we agreed to.”

“But… but I don’ wanna leave dem,” Will said with a sniffle, looking like he was close to tears.

“I know you don’t,” Hannibal said. He knew that this would be the hard part. “But it’s time to go home now.”

“O-otay,” Will said, putting Buster down so he could stand up.

They said their goodbyes and Alana ushered the dogs back into the house. Well, most of them.

“Winston, come inside, boy,” Alana said as the pup ran to Will’s side.

Will noticed instantly and stopped right in front of the car. He dropped to his knees so that he could hug his dog one more time before leaving. He did not want to leave Winston and he knew that Winston did not want him to leave either.

Hannibal saw the way that Will’s shoulder’s shook. He sighed, knowing that they should not separate Will and Winston again. Not only would it be nearly impossible to get the dog back inside, but Will would be incredibly upset. He would hate to see Will cry just because they could not bring one of his dogs with them.

So, Hannibal did what he knew he had to. “Alana, I think we are going to take this one with us.”

“Are you sure?” Alana asked, “I can get him inside it’ll just…”

“Yes, I am quite sure,” Hannibal interrupted. “I think it would be detrimental to separate them at the moment. For them both.”

Alana could not help but to agree. “Alright. I’ll go get some of his stuff.”

Will was still kneeling when Alana walked away. He likely heard nothing. Hannibal knelt so that he was on Will’s level. “Darling?” Hannibal started.

“I know,” Will sniffled. “Bye, bye Win’ton.”

“No, no, Will. We’re going to take him with us,” Hannibal explained.

Will’s eyes instantly dried up as he squealed in pure joy. He flapped his arms. “We are!”

“Yes, Mylimas. We are.”

“Yay!” Will bounced up. All of his upset was forgotten about in a moment. “C’mon Win’ton. You comin’ home.”

Will opened the passenger side door to let Winston jump in which he did the second it was open. Will crawled in with him.

“Here you are,” Alana came up from behind Hannibal, handing him a bag of things he would need for Winston.

“Much appreciated, Alana,” Hannibal said.

“I’ll see you soon,” Alana said, walking back toward WIll’s home.

“Are you riding back here?” Hannibal asked Will after he put Winston’s things in the trunk.

“Yeah. I ride with Win’ton,” Will said with a sure nod.

“Alright, Darling,” Hannibal helped the boy buckle up and covered him with his previously discarded blanket. “You enjoy the ride.”

Halfway back home, both Will and Winston were asleep in the back seat. Winston with his head in Will’s lap, and Will’s hand was in his fur.

“Sweet dreams, boys,” Hannibal said to himself with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, beginning of the end for Sammy, Dan, and Travis.

Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal spend rest of the day with Winston.

Chapter Notes

Just a short and fluffy chapter before more drama.

So sorry I had to turn off guest comments. I have a person harassing me about a story I wrote a few years ago. I have explained to them a few times that I am not interested in writing or having anything to do with that particular story. I have deleted their comments and have blocked a couple of accounts. They have now moved onto commenting while not logged in. So, I have turned off that option. I am so sorry to other guests that have been lovely and commented. I wish that I could keep them on.

As always comments, kudos, and requests are appreciated.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Will, Darling,” Hannibal said softly as he gently shook the boy awake. They had just arrived home from their two hour drive. Will had been asleep for an hour and a half of that. He should be able to make it until bedtime with that nap.

Will inhaled deeply then groaned. His eyes fluttered open. “Dada?” Will asked. He held his blanket and Teddy closer to his chest, looking around.

“Right here,” Hannibal said. “We’re home. Would you like to go inside with Winston and help get him settled?”

“Yeah,” Will said with a soft, sleepy smile. He sat up straighter and whimpered when he realized that he was very wet. Uncomfortably so. He raised his arms so that Dada would hold him.

“What’s the matter, Little One?” Hannibal asked, lifting the boy up onto his hip. Winston jumped out of the car, staying close to his owner.

Will only whined again as he hid his face in Hannibal’s shoulder.

“Use your big boy voice, Darling Boy,” Hannibal said, bouncing the baby.

Will huffed. He hated using his big boy voice sometimes. Didn't Hannibal understand that he did not always feel like a big boy. He was a little boy, so he should not have to use a big boy voice. He, however, knew what Hannibal would say. He needed to use his big boy voice so that Hannibal knew what was wrong.

"I wet. Really wet," Will whined, squirming uncomfortably.

"Oh, let's go change you then," Hannibal said, rubbing the boy's back. "We'll get you all nice and clean. Then, we'll play some. How does that sound?"

"Sound goo'," Will said with a sleepy smile. He rested his head on his Dada's shoulder as he started to walk home. Winston followed them with a pounce in his step. Will smiled down at his puppy.

"I p'ay with Win'ton?" Will asked Hannibal.

"Of course you can," Hannibal nodded, "we must change you first, however."

"Otay," Will nodded. He softly hummed to himself as Hannibal carried him to his room to change him. Hannibal laid him on the bed and told him that he was going to be right back. Winston jumped into bed with the boy. He laid down with his head on Will's tummy. Will giggled, petting Winston's head. He started singing the song he was humming louder.

"What are you singing?" Hannibal asked when he reentered the room. He not only had a fresh diaper in his hands but also a different outfit. Something that Little Will would be more comfortable in.

"I Jus' Can't Wait to be King," Will answered.

"What's that from?" Hannibal asked as he started to go through the familiar motions of changing the boy's diaper and outfit.

"Lion King. It Disney," Will answered.

"I do not believe that's one we have watched," Hannibal said. Ever since Will realized that Hannibal did not watch Disney movies as a child, he made it his mission to show Hannibal all the classics. This started when he was recovering from encephalitis and had continued when he came back. Him being regressed, Disney was the only thing that he wanted to watch.

"We watch it af'er dinner?" Will asked.

"I believe that we can," Hannibal agreed. "What would you like to do now?" He was finished changing Will. He was now in a fresh diaper and blue and red onesie.

"Now- now I p'ay cars 'nd b'ocks?" Will asked.

"Of course, Darling," Hannibal said as he retrieved the blocks and cars out of the toy box. Will squirmed off of the bed and crawled to the rug in the middle of the room. It was his favorite place to play in his room. It was so so comfy.

"T'ank you, Dada," Will said with a big smile.

Winston jumped down from the bed as soon as Will got settled on the rug. He sniffed around at the toys like he works with his fishing gear. He must have deemed the toys good for his boy as he soon laid down next to the boy to watch him.

"Hi, Win'ton," Will smiled. He leaned down to give Winston a kiss on his head. Winston responded by gently licking his cheek. Will giggled.

Hannibal smiled softly at the intersection. He came to sit next to Will. Not that the boy noticed as all of his attention was to Winston.

"We build a ‘chanic shop, Win’ton,” Will said, looking down at the dog who was looking up at the boy like he could hear him. “Fixin’ up cars.”

Will did just that, dumping most of his blocks out to make a building. He then retrieved two cars from his box. He had them ‘drive’ on the carpet for a few moments a couple of feet away from the ‘mechanic shop’. Then, they crashed into each other.

“Uh oh,” Will said innocently as if he did not cause the ‘crash’. “Needs ta go to da shop ‘nd get a’paired.”

Will continued to narrate his play, giggling happily as he did so. Winston watched the boy’s every movement, tail wagging slowly and happily. Hannibal also watched his boy. A found smile playing on his lips. A few minutes into the playing. He helped the boy fix his cars, and went along with him when he wanted to change games. It was a normal but perfect afternoon.

…

The rest of the night went by much too fast in Hannibal’s opinion. They played more and got dinner and Will had a bath. Before he knew it, it was time to put Will to bed after a couple of movies.

“I s’eepy, Dada,” Will said quietly, rubbing his eyes with a yawn. He slowly suckled on his pacifier, his eyes half lidded. He looked so sleepy. Hannibal knew that he should not have let the boy stay up so late, but he found himself unable to say no when the baby asked to watch another movie after Lion King.

“Is it ni-ni time, Mylimas?” Hannibal cooed, running his hand through the baby’s hair.

“Yeah,” Will nodded. “P’ease.”

“Of course, Darling Boy,” Hannibal said, picking the baby up. Winston, who was laying on the floor by Will’s feet, jumped up to follow the men.

Hannibal quickly changed the boy’s diaper and tucked him into their bed. He turned on his nightlight. While Hannibal was not the biggest fan of the light he knew that it helped Will sleep. It especially helped after a nightmare. He could see when he woke up, and he knew where he was.

“Would you like a bottle?” Hannibal asked, running his hands through the baby’s hair.

Will nodded, “p’ease.”

“Of course, Darling Boy,” Hannibal said as he turned on the baby monitor. He placed a kiss on the baby’s forehead before leaving the room. Once he came back, Winston was curled up in the bed by Will’s side. Will had his eyes closed but was petting Winston’s back.

Hannibal hummed disapprovingly but did not say a word. He did not want to change what Winston and Will were used to. He knew that Will normally allowed the dogs to sleep in his bed. So, he did not say anything.

“Here you are, Darling,” Hannibal said. Will sluggishly opened his eyes and smiled. He reached toward his bottle. He spit out his pacifier to put his bottle into his mouth. Hannibal sat on their bed and ran his hand through his hair and rubbed his forehead. It did not take long for Will to fall asleep. He did not even finish his bottle.

“Hope you sleep well, Darling Boy,” Hannibal smiled, kissing the boy’s forehead. He gave Winston a small pet on the head as he left the room.

As soon as he left the room, Hannibal felt his phone buzz in his pocket. Hannibal closed the door until it was open a crack. He walked down the stairs before he answered his phone.

“Hello,” Hannibal answered the phone.

“It’s done.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, we learn what has been done.

Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

We find out what is 'done.'

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“It’s done,” a gruff voice on the other end of the phone answered. “Dan Harman, Travis Harman, and Samual Jenkins have escaped.”

“Exactly as planned?” Hannibal asked with a smirk on his face as he sat in his chair in his living room. He had been planning on how to get his hands on the remaining men that hurt Will. Thankfully, he had connections everywhere. Including in the prisons.

“Of course it went as planned,” he said, sounding offended. “They escaped in the bus crash. I’ll keep an eye on them. You might want to act sooner rather than later, though.”

“Of course,” Hannibal said. They hang up.

Hannibal leaned back in his chair, crossing his legs with a smirk. He knew that he would have to tell Will tomorrow. Still, it was all coming together.

…

Will jumped awake as something woke him up. Winston also jumped, lifting his head up and looking at Will.

“Sorry, Buddy,” Will said, patting his dog’s head. He was brought back to what woke him up by his phone ringing again. He looked over to the bedside table, noticing that Hannibal was not there. That was not too odd. Hannibal normally woke up before he did. Will reached over to pick up his phone. Jack was calling.

“Hi, Jack,” Will answered, sitting up in bed. He rubbed the tiredness out of his eyes and then put his glasses on.

“Hey, Bud. Sorry to wake you up,” Jack apologized.

“It’s fine,” Will said, standing to go look for Hannibal, Winston following behind him. If Jack was calling him then something must be wrong.

“Are you…” Jack trailed off. He was still slightly awkward when talking to Will about the regression. He liked being around Will when he was little and interacted with him like a

regular kid. Little Will also liked Jack. He still did not know how to talk to him about it. Will could not blame him. He often times did not know how to talk about it either.

“No, I’m not regressed,” Will said, descending the stairs.

“Oh, that’s good. I’ve been trying to get a hold of Hannibal, but he’s not answering,” Jack said.

“That’s odd,” Will said, stomach dropping. What happened to Hannibal? Was something wrong? What was wrong? His thoughts raced. That was until he saw where Hannibal was. “Nevermind.”

“Nevermind what?”

“Hannibal’s asleep in his chair,” Will told him with amusement in his tone.

“Oh, that explains it. I guess,” Jack said. Will could practically see the confused look on Jack’s face.

“What do you need, anyway?” Will asked as he walked to the kitchen. Whatever Jack needed to tell. Will could tell Hannibal.

“I need to tell you that,” Jack hesitated a second. Will paused too. Jack never hesitated to tell him anything. That only made his stomach drop again. “Sam, Travis, and Dan have escaped.”

“What?” Will said in shock, a spike of fear running through him. That was until he looked at Hannibal. He already knew that Hannibal had to have something to do with this. It was just the way Hannibal was. The suspension was confirmed when Jack explained that it was a crash. The van was rear-ended at high speeds late at night. Everyone else was rendered unconscious so no one else but Sam, Travis, and Dan.

Will took the phone away from his mouth to sigh. He was going to kill Hannibal. He put the phone back to his ear. Jack was telling him to be safe and not leave Hannibal’s side.

“Jack, trust me, Hannibal doesn’t let me out of his sight to begin with,” Will said. “I’ll be okay.”

“You better,” Jack said. “I’ll see you on Friday.”

“See you.”

They hung up and Will walked toward Hannibal's still sleeping form. He picked up a throw pillow. If he was wrong all he would have to do is apologize, give him puppy eyes, and explain what happened. Hannibal would be upset for a moment, but it would be fine at the end of the day. If Hannibal did what Will thought he did, he deserved a pillow to the face for not telling him anything.

So, he chucked the pillow as hard as he could to the other man’s face. Hannibal made a startled noise. He jumped and his eyes went nearly bug wide. Will picked up the pillow in case he would need it again.

“What did you do?” Will exclaimed.

“Will, I would love to discuss whatever has upset you,” Hannibal said, surprisingly calm despite the rude way he was woken up. Then again, he was used to Will’s behavior at this point. He probably was not surprised. “But I am unable to if you will not talk with me.”

Will threw the pillow at Hannibal again. Just because he was being annoying and was trying to therapy him.

“What was that one for?” Hannibal asked, his mask of calm still in place.

“You're being annoying,” Will said bluntly, reaching for the pillow again. Unfortunately, he was not faster than Hannibal who put it out of his reach. Will huffed because his only weapon had been taken away from him. He crossed his arms.

Hannibal took a deep breath. He might have a lot of patience for Will, but he did not appreciate having a pillow thrown at him multiple times. “What has you so angry, Darling?”

Will felt his shoulder relax slightly at the nickname. He then explained what Jack had told him. He ended with “and I know you have something to do with it.”

Hannibal did not try to deny it. He knew why Will was so upset now. It was because he felt betrayed that Hannibal never told him what he had planned. He broke his promise not to keep any more secrets.

“How did you know?” Hannibal asked.

“You’re predictable,” Will snapped.

“Come here, Darling,” Hannibal said, opening his arms.

“I don’t want a hug,” Will shook his head, stepping away. His hurt feelings now edged on his face.

“I’m sorry,” Hannibal apologized. “I understand why you are upset with me. I broke a promise, didn’t I?”

“You did,” Will said with a nod.

“Honestly, I did not think of it,” Hannibal told him. “The actions for their escape were put in motion months ago. I did not tell you then because I did not know you knew what I was.”

“And you didn’t think about it yesterday,” Will said. He supposed that made since. That did not mean that he was not angry with Hannibal because he was. Just, less now that he knew.

“Exactly,” Hannibal said. “That doesn’t excuse my actions. I do, however, hope you can forgive me.”

“I… um, guess I can,” Will said. Hannibal smiled at him. “There just really can’t be secrets anymore. We have to be able to trust each other.”

“Agreed,” Hannibal nodded, “and I can promise that I have no other secrets.”

“Good,” Will nodded.

“Would you like a hug now?” Hannibal asked, standing and opening his arms again. This time, Will did not hesitate. He walked into Hannibal’s space, wrapping his arms around his back. Hannibal held Will close and swayed gently.

“Are we gonna get them?” Will asked into Hannibal’s shoulder.

“Yes, we are going to get them,” Hannibal told him. “I was going to let them run for a couple of days. Let them believe that they are free. If it would make you feel better we can get them tonight.”

“Tonight,” Will said. He then looked up so he could see Hannibal’s face. “How do you know where they are?”

“Let’s just say I have eyes everywhere,” Hannibal said with a smirk.

“You’re kinda’ scary,” Will said.

“I’m aware,” Hannibal said, kissing the top of Will’s head.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, beginning of the end.

Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal go out to kidnap Will's tormentors.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You have a murder van,” Will said with a raised eyebrow. It was just after dinner that night and they were going to get Sam, Dan, and Travis.

Hannibal paused in putting the ‘murder bags’ as Will called them into the van. “I suppose you can call it that.”

“I am,” Will said. He continued to talk, a slightly nervous lit in his voice. “You used this for the copycat murders. And a few other murders that weren't tied back to the Chesapeake Ripper or the copycat. How many people have you killed?”

“Plenty,” Hannibal said simply. They went into the van. Hannibal on the driver's side and Will on the passenger’s side. Hannibal looked at his boy. He could tell that he was extremely nervous. Will was biting his lip raw and wringing his hands. It was no surprise to the other man. Not only was this his first planned murder, but he was going after the people who tormented and tortured him for nine months. That would make anyone squirm. Hannibal, of course, would be there for him. He would protect him. Forever.

“You’ll be alright, Darling,” Hannibal said, taking his hand and rubbing his knuckles.

“I know,” Will said, “I’m just nervous.”

“Are you having second thoughts?” Hannibal asked. He did not truly believe that Will was having any second thoughts, but he wanted to assure him that everything would be fine.

“No,” Will said with a shake of his head. “I want… I want them dead. I’ve wanted them dead for months. And I want something to do with it. I just can’t help but think of the worst possible scenarios. I know it likely won’t happen with your… track record. Just… Just can’t help it.”

“It is alright to be nervous,” Hannibal told him, “and everything will be just fine. We will get them and make sure they get what they deserve.”

“What do you have planned?” Will asked.

Hannibal smirked as he started the van. He did not let go of Will's hand "Many things," Hannibal said, "would you like to discuss as we go to retrieve them?" They were just over four hours away in Connecticut. They could discuss exactly what they wanted to do to them once they got back home. They already knew that it would be Hannibal to extract them from the motel they were staying at and bring them back to the van.

"As long as it's painful, I don't care," Will said.

"Surely you have some ideas," Hannibal said. Will looked out the window, studying the streetlights.

"Will?" Hannibal asked.

"I don't… want to say them out loud," Will admitted.

"Why?" Hannibal asked.

"I've had these types of thoughts for a while. I always tried to convince myself that these were other people's thoughts. That my empathy was fucking me over."

"Now you no longer lie to yourself."

"More like I'm tired of lying to myself," Will started. "But I've always told myself that I can't say it out loud. It's not safe if I say it out loud."

"You will always be safe with me, and will always be allowed to speak your mind. No matter how dark your thoughts are. You will never be punished for your thoughts," Hannibal assured.

Will did not speak for a moment as he collected his thoughts. "I want to see the pain and fear in their eyes as I take things from them bit by bit."

"Like what they did to you," Hannibal said.

"Not-not exactly what they did to me," Will stammered, shaking his head as memories filled his mind.

"I know," Hannibal assured, rubbing Will knuckles, "they took away your innocence and your control."

"I want to take their body parts. I want them to know that while they broke me down, at the end of the day, I'm the one who had control. I want them to be scared and feel helpless. Like how they made me feel."

"You want control," Hannibal said.

"Yeah," Will said. "I want them to have a slow and painful death. I don't want anyone to find their bodies. If anyone would even look. Who would care about a few low lives going missing. Their deaths would be just as insignificant as their lives."

“Simply nourishment for us,” Hannibal said. Will nodded in agreement.

…

The rest of their four hour drive was spent either talking about their vicious plans for them or in silence.

“We are here,” Hannibal announced as he parked in front of a run down motel. Dirty, paint chipped place with doors to the rooms accessible from the outside. A place where you paid cash and no questions were asked. Perfect place for runaway criminals to stay, and a perfect place to take some people. “I will be right back, Darling.”

“Are you sure you know they’re here?” Will asked. He did not want to be wrong. He wanted to get this started.

“I trust my informat,” Hannibal said simply. He kissed Will’s knuckles. “Don’t you worry, my vicious boy. We will have them in no time.”

Hannibal got out of the car and went to the back to pull out the bag he needed. Will stayed in the van as they planned. He watched as Hannibal confidently walked up to one of the doors and began to pick the lock. It was like he belonged there.

“Where do I get that kind of confidence?” Will muttered to himself as Hannibal successfully picked the lock and strode inside. He closed the door and turned on the light. Will felt his anxiety spike. Will took a deep breath, closed his eyes and leaned into his seat. He imagined everything that they were going to do. Will smirked, feeling excited for once as violent and bloody images flooded his mind.

The next thing that he knew, he heard the trunk of the van open. He looked through the rear view mirror as Hannibal practically threw the three men into the trunk. Will gulped. He knew that Hannibal would have drugged them and tied them. He had everything under control. He took a deep breath, Hannibal’s words ran across his mind and they comforted him. “Everything’s going to be alright.” Will knew that he could trust Hannibal. That made the knot in his stomach mostly disappear.

“We’re going to be on our way home now,” Hannibal said. “It’s going to be past two in the morning before we get home. You might think of getting some rest.”

“They’re going to stay out that long?” Will asked. He could not see the men due to the back seats, but he could see them in the back in his mind. How they were asleep and crumpled against each other. Carelessly. Will smirked.

“They will stay unconscious until morning,” Hannibal said, “that I can assure you of.”

“Good,” Will nodded.

…

Will did not fall asleep on their way home. He was tired, but he was full of excited and slightly nervous energy and could not fall asleep. His mind could not stop running. He would

need a shower, comfy pajamas, and Hannibal in order to fall asleep.

“Why don’t you go upstairs while I take care of them?" Hannibal said. Will opened his mouth to protest but Hannibal beat him. "I am simply going to set them up in the basement. I will not begin without you. It, however, is late. So, we shall begin in the morning."

"It is the morning," Will muttered as he dragged himself out of the car.

Hannibal shook his head with a smile. Honestly, he should have seen that coming. "After we sleep then."

"Alright," Will said. He did not have the energy to protest anymore. All he wanted was a shower and bed. He shrugged off his shoes and jacket as soon as he was inside and made a b-line to the stairs. He did not notice that Hannibal did not start bringing them in until he was already up the steps.

He threw his dirty clothes into their hamper and took off his soaked diaper. Will cringed at the feeling. He would really need to start using the toilet if they were going to do things like this more often. He would talk to Hannibal about it later, he thought as he threw it away. He stepped into the shower and turned it on.

The shower left him feeling refreshed but no less tired. He sluggishly threw on an oversized and picked out a diaper. That was when he heard footsteps behind him. He turned to see Hannibal standing in the bathroom doorway.

“Hi,” Will greeted.

“Hello, Darling. Are you feeling better?”

“Yeah,” Will nodded. “Just tired.” He held out the diaper toward Hannibal. “Could you help, please?”

“Of course,” Hannibal said as he took his hand and led him to the bed.

Will laid down with a sleepy “thank you.”

“You are welcome, Darling,” Hannibal said as he quickly diapered the boy.

“You’re sweaty,” Will complained, squirming away as Hannibal’s damp hand touched his skin.

“Sorry, Mylimas,” Hannibal apologized. He tucked Will in and kissed his forehead. “I’ll go have a shower.”

“Kay, good night,” Will said with a yawn, snuggling into the bed as Hannibal turned on his nightlight before going into the bathroom. He was not able to fall asleep without Hannibal by his side. He laid there with his eyes open and listened to Hannibal’s shower. It only took him 20 minutes to come back into the room.

“You’re not asleep yet,” Hannibal asked. He looked confused.

“Couldn’t without you,” Will explained.

Hannibal smiled softly at his boy. He climbed into bed. He pulled Will into his chest and ran his hand through Will’s hair. Will felt his eyes flutter closed. It did not take him long to fall asleep.

Chapter End Notes

There are only a chapter or two left. This story will end when Sam, Dan, and Travis die. That might happen next chapter or the chapter after that.
All comments, kudos, and requests are appreciated.

Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

It all comes to an end.

Chapter Notes

Okay, first I get busy AF as I always do over the summer. Then, one of my kids spill water on my laptop (it was able to be fixed). Then THE DAY I WANTED TO FINISH THIS STORY (deep breath) Archive goes under fire. WTF. The world did not want this story to be finished, I think.

IDK how to end stories. I hopes it's okay.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will and Hannibal woke up around the same time the next morning. They got dressed side by side. They ate breakfast. They brushed their teeth. Will fed Winston and took him out. It was a normal morning when Will was not regressed. There, however, was an undertone of excitement running through both of their veins.

“Are you ready to go down?” Hannibal asked.

“More than ready,” Will said with a smirk. His stomach rolled with pleasant nervous excitement. He could not wait to get started and to finish this. He did not want to simply kill these men. That would let them off too easily. He did not want them to get off easy.

“Let’s go then,” Hannibal said. They began to walk to the basement. “Who would you like to start with?”

“Sam,” Will said without a second thought, reaching up to touch the scar on his cheek. By far, Alec was the most cruel. He beat him the most, was the first to sexually assault him, came up with new torture methods almost daily, and constantly teased him with food. He was the one in charge. He ordered the others around. Sam, however, was just as sadistic. Will knew that he wanted to do more to him. Wanted to do worse. Alec would not let him. Alec did not want him to die. Will remembered wishing that Alec would leave him alone with Sam long enough. Sam would eventually do something to kill him. He would take it too far. Unfortunately, Alec did not let him be alone with Sam after he sliced his cheek open.

Hannibal simply nodded as they walked down to the basement. He turned on the lights. Will looked around as he had never been in this part of the house. There was a tall cabinet full of torture devices. Will was itching to get his hands on those. The three men were strapped to metal tables with IVs sticking out of their arms. They were far enough away from each other that Will and Hannibal could work while still being able to see each other. It looked uncomfortable. Good.

“What are you giving them?” Will asked, pointing to the IVs.

“Atracurium besylate and Doxacurium chloride. Both will keep them paralyzed even when they are awake,” Hannibal explained. While he would love to hear them scream and curse, he knew that Will might not be able to handle his abusers scream and yell at him again. Even if he was the one in power. He did not want to retraumatize Will or have him regress. Plus, the men being paralyzed would make it easier to teach Will certain things.

“Paralyzed but able to feel everything,” Will said.

“Exactly,” Hannibal nodded.

Hannibal opened a small bottle that smelled like ammonia. Will wrinkled his nose and turned his head away from the foul smell. Hannibal did not seem bothered by it despite his highly sensitive nose. He simply walked up to Sam and held it under his nose.

Sam took one whiff and was immediately awake, taking in a huge breath through his nose. His eyes were wide. First in confusion then in panic as he realized that he could not move. His eyes frantically scanned the room before landing on Will. His eyes went from frantic and panicking to cold and dark in a second. So dark that Will almost took a step back. But he did not, would not. He was the one in control here. He did not have to be meek or small to survive.

“What would you like to do first?” Hannibal asked, walking over to Will to put a hand on his shoulder. He was still a few feet away from the man tied down to the table. Hannibal, however, would not pressure him. If he just wanted to sit back and watch as Hannibal worked, that would be fine. Whatever Will wanted.

“I want to open him up. See if he even has a heart,” Will said with a wicked smirk.

“The cardiac muscle could be turned into a plethora of delicious dishes. Taking it now, however, would kill him much too quickly.”

“I don’t want to take it yet. Just want to open him up and play around in there,” Will told him. It seemed them talking much too casually about how they were going to torture him put Sam in a frantic state again. His eye darted from one side of the room to the other. As if he could find a way out. Fortunately, being paralyzed meant that there was no hope of escape.

“What? Don’t like it when people talk about how they’re gonna torture you right in front of you?” Will asked, not being able to help it. He loved being able to taunt him without

consequences. “Good. Now you know how it feels.”

“Now, Darling,” Hannibal said, as he picked up a very sharp scalpel and made his way to Sam. “Would you like to begin?”

Will nodded, feeling too overwhelmed to actually say anything. He came to stand next to Hannibal. Hannibal wordlessly offered Will the knife.

“Would you like assistance?”

Will nodded. Hannibal stood behind him, holding the hand with the knife. He guided Will where to cut, like a parent teaching a child how to trace lines. Hannibal narrated everything. Both for Will’s benefit to teach him and to scare Sam. It worked. Sam’s breathing became hysterical, which looked very interesting when they pulled back the layers of skin, fat, and muscles. His eyes clouded in pain. Will could imagine him screaming. But he could not due to the drugs. It must be terrifying. Wanting- needing- to express pain but being unable. Will loved it.

“You did amazing, Mylimas,” Hannibal said softly into his ear. He rubbed his upper arms. Will broke the eye contact that he was making with Sam to look behind him at Hannibal. “Now, while we cannot take his heart, we can take an organ. Which one would you like, Darling.”

Will considered it for a moment before he said, “liver.”

Once again, Hannibal guided Will’s hand. Will extracted the liver. He had done this multiple times with fish and other bigger animals, but this felt different. Not a bad different, but different nonetheless.

Hannibal gave him instructions to put the liver in the bag. His hands were getting shaky from the adrenaline so he could not help stitch Sam up. At some point, he past out. Whether it was due to blood loss or pain, Will did not care.

He could not wait to do it again.

...

Will and Hannibal kept Sam, Dan, and Travis alive for three days. Hannibal would have liked to kept them alive longer, but Will was getting nervous. He wanted them gone. Hannibal knew that it would put Will's mind at ease, at least a little bit. So, they died. They died in an incredible amount of pain without the ability to protest or fight back or even move. Will could not think of a better way for them to go.

In the present, Will was deeply regressed and watching his dada cook in the kitchen. He knew what his dada was cooking. Some sort of beef stew. The beef, Will knew, was the bad people. Will smiled. He liked that. He knew Dada did too.

"Here you are, Darling," Hannibal said a few minutes later as he placed a bowl in front of him.

"T'ank 'oo, Dada," Will said, taking a big bite of the soup.

"How is it, Darling?"

"It goo', Dada," Will said, smiling innocently.

Chapter End Notes

"It's good soup"- my best friend.

As I mentioned, I do want to make this a series. I already have an idea for Chilton as a longer story. I am open to requests as always.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!